

San Francisco, October 25, 1900

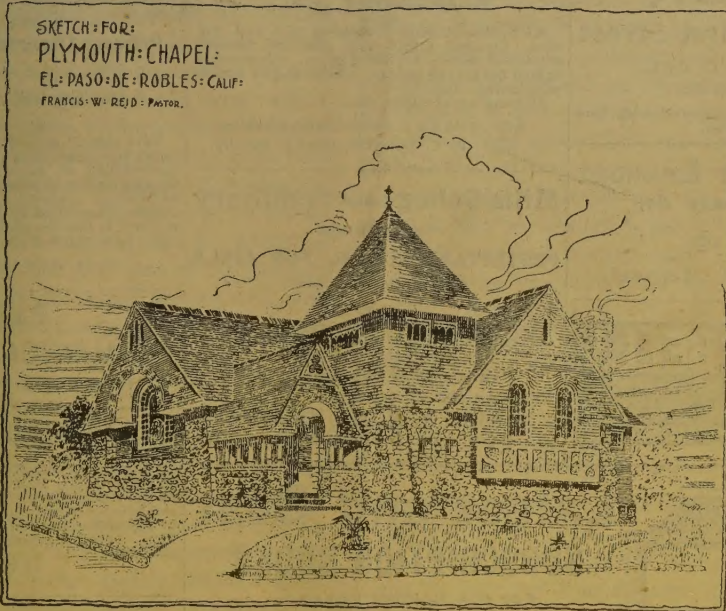
THE PACIFIC



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WHEN COMPLETED.

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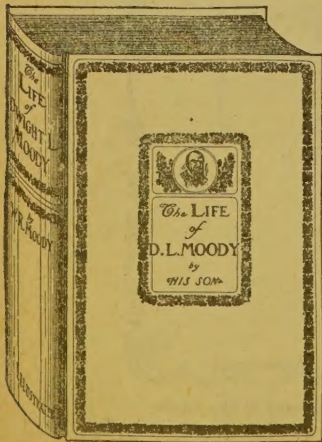
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, October 25, 1900

Doing.

Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

—Longfellow.

America can well afford to honor Samuel L. Clemens, familiarly known as "Mark Twain." He has set an example which makes every lover of his country his debtor. A few years ago he was partner in a firm which failed with obligations to the amount of \$200,000. He might have given up whatever he had and taken advantage of the laws for insolvents. But instead of that he announced his intention of paying not only the part for which he was responsible, but also that of his partner. For five years he has toiled abroad, and now he returns to this country with the full indebtedness met, and with a reputation for fair dealing second to none in the land. What the law could not compel him to do his sense of honor led him to undertake and to accomplish. There are other examples of this kind which we shall do well as a people not to forget. George William Curtis and Judge Albion Tourgee won additional respect by conduct somewhat similar, and Sir Walter Scott has long stood as another illustrious example, though in some of these cases there was more of a legal responsibility than in the case of Mr. Clemens.

A friend of The Pacific subscribed last week for several copies of the paper for a year, to be sent to people in whose religious welfare he is interested. One of these goes into the home of a young man and young woman recently married. Our thoughts go back in

this connection to the article in The Pacific for October, the 11th, entitled "Instead of the Fathers." It was encouraging to learn from one who has had part in the work of our churches for so many years that those upon whom are now resting the responsibilities are meeting them in general with commendable wisdom and zeal. We believe, however, that there is one thing in which there is a lack among those upon whom more of the responsibilities are soon to rest. The church paper does not find its way into enough of the new homes. It is only in and through The Pacific that the information necessary for the creation of a proper interest can be disseminated. Too few regard it as one of the essentials in the new home, and accordingly spiritual life and general church interests are likely in many cases to suffer. Parents and friends should see to it that our church paper is included in the outfit for good housekeeping in the new homes all the time being set up within our borders. Frequently The Pacific would be found to be a good wedding present. Pastors who say a good word for the church paper in all new homes will be laying foundations for good to their churches. The church paper is a pastor's best assistant.

The feeling against the old anti-slavery men exists still in the South, as was evidenced by the omission of Chief Justice Nichols of Louisiana to vote for Lincoln and Webster for place in the New York Hall of Fame. George Washington was the only man on the list receiving a full vote, and he accordingly stands alone in first place. Lincoln and Webster stand next in number of votes received, lacking but one each of the full vote. The theologians whose names are to be enrolled are Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher and William Ellery Channing, with votes respectively, 82, 66, and 56. It is gratifying to know that the name of Robert E. Lee is to be en-

rolled, as is also that of Ulysses S. Grant. Lee was one of the world's greatest generals, and a man of high character. We dim the fame of our beloved Grant when we assign Lee to any inferior place as a general.

"The Kindness of God Our Savior, and His Love Toward Man."

Both in the original Greek and in the English translation, this phrase touches the heart with unusual force and tenderness. The Greek terms thus link together the ideas of usefulness, i. e., the impulse to help and of philanthropy, which fastens upon man as its object. The English equivalents emphasize the kinship of God and man, and its expression in family affection, and so we have the *kindness* of God our Savior and his *love* toward man.

Both of these also have received fresh illustration in the experiences of the beleaguered Christians in Pekin, as brought out in the narratives of the refugees.

It would seem impossible for one to read the account published in last week's Pacific without the conviction that God was "in the shadow"—a personal, intelligent Will was controlling all those events, directing them to a predestined end. As little would it seem credible to a Christian heart that the motive to all this providential ordering was other than God's kindness and loving care, for his endangered children. Of course, if this explanation is rejected, as it may be, and any special providential ends are denied, no one can *prove* the contrary. It is not a demonstrable proposition. But, for all that, it may be reasonable in the highest degree. Certainly, no skeptic can establish a negative. It is simply a matter of trust, or disbelief. It resolves itself into a question of fatherhood and sonship, on the one hand, or of practical orphanage on the other. Acceptance of it is a privilege, not a necessity. If the universe is so subject to general laws that individual adaptations are impossible, then, of course, special providences are not only mysterious—which they confessedly are—but incredible also. Then the sudden change of wind by which, once and again, almost certain destruction was averted, and all which these deliverances represented, must be relegated to the category of fortunate coincidences. They could have been nothing

more. But if God be in very truth, what we have learned to call him, our Heavenly Father, then, however incomprehensible his ways, his personal individual care may become an impregnable conviction. It is a question of privilege throughout. Two theories are open to us. We may choose which we will. They rest upon different premises; and upon their own ground either is reasonable. God, our Father, or God as Law, that is the alternative. In theory, as has been said, either position is tenable. But practically, the two explanations are as far apart as light and darkness. It is a very different world which the trustful Christian inhabits; from that in which his doubtful neighbor dwells—bright with the sunshine of fatherly oversight and protection; its mysteries, mysteries of grace; its deliverances, tokens of personal watchfulness and care; its denials only a manifestation of discriminating love.

Between these alternatives, then, who can hesitate? Who, except under dire compulsion, will refuse the privilege, with all its sunshine, to take up with the unlighted doubt?

Calling and Election.

Around these two points public interest has been revolving for months past, with growing intensity. To them the energies of aspirants for political honors have been unceasingly devoted. The first of these is now practically settled. Nominations are closed; but the election of nominees is still undetermined. And all the varied activity everywhere observable in political circles is just the effort to make the election, as well as the calling, sure.

That interest is not misplaced. There are no duties more vitally religious than those which pertain to citizenship; and among these a first place must be given to that of selecting civic officers and determining the conditions under which laws are to be administered.

It is worth emphasizing also that the election of a candidate to any office ordinarily involves hard work on the part of somebody—work, too, of a certain definite sort, wisely directed, energetically pushed. In saying this we touch upon one of the commonest and most destructive foes to good government in San Francisco, Oakland, and almost every city in the land. Men who ought to have been intent upon securing right laws and a pure ad-

ministration of those laws have allowed private business or personal pleasure to absorb their interest. They have treated their political duties as matters of convenience rather than of obligation, or at least have relegated them to a secondary place, attention to which must wait upon a favoring time, which for too many seems never to come. The result, with appalling frequency, has been, that able, well-principled and reliable men have either been defeated at the polls, or, if formally elected, have been so hampered by vicious surroundings as to be almost powerless for good. What is needed in civic affairs is more honest political work on the part of good citizens; as realizing that good citizenship on earth is an imperative condition for the best citizenship of heaven; as important in its place as prayer or worship. "Machine politicians" may furnish us with a valuable lesson at this point. They do not blunder into regarding calling and election as identical. "Calling," to them, is simply the first step, futile unless followed up by "election." They consequently do not busy themselves with other matters up to the fateful day, and then placidly deposit their vote in the regular manner, feeling that thus their whole duty has been done. Politics is their business, superseding for the time every other engagement. They are always on hand to see that the party machinery runs smoothly, and that "election" as well as "calling" is made sure. There are doubtless tremendous abuses connected with such partisanship, but under its cover nestles a valuable lesson for us if only we are bright enough to discern it.

All of these points which have been touched upon, and others, indeed, bear upon every phase of human life. They are features of celestial, as well as of terrestrial politics; applicable to the honors and emoluments of heaven, as exactly as to those of earth. Let it not, therefore, be thought of as a mere accommodation if we follow them now into the domain of heavenly citizenship. That, too, even as civil government, has its high places, which are objects of laudable ambition. But without dwelling upon these in detail, it may be said that in all their immeasurable glory they are God's choice for every one who will fit himself for their enjoyment; that they represent that to which every one of us is called. As expressive of God's sincere desire, it is our nomina-

tion for all things pertaining to life and godliness. That nomination takes form in such words as these: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come"; "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked"; turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" Can any one reading such appeals doubt on which side of human salvation, of the largest, fullest salvation, God's heart beats? Whatever further meaning attaches to "calling," and "election," they surely do express God's honest preference, his hearty choice, his intense desire for every human being. Still, as in terrestrial politics, so here, nomination is not synonymous with election. The analogy between the earthly and the heavenly limps at this point, it is true. Yet, so far as the ideal goes it holds. God calls every man, specially every evangelized man, to glory and honor and incorruption. In a way he often does this independently of human co-operation. But election is God's reward for work. "It is God that worketh in you, therefore work out your own salvation." The men and the women whom God has nominated for salvation must be in earnest about it. They have no right to decline. Neither may they sit down supinely. They must work: not only so; they must work wisely, after a plan; and as taking advantage of every favoring condition. That is where our celestial politics so often miserably fail; where we need to take a lesson from the conduct of the present political campaign; where the "machine politician" can give valuable points for every aspirant for heavenly honors. St. Peter was a good manager in this respect; and the first chapter of his second letter may be profitably read at this particular time. Reminding his fellow Christians how God's divine power has granted unto them all things that pertain unto life and Godliness, he bids them, for this very cause, to add, on their part, all diligence to make of their faith something more than a lifeless assent, even one that shall be instinct with every manly virtue.

And so doing he assures them that success is assured. They shall be neither idle nor unfruitful in that practical knowledge of Christ in which is eternal life. That is the point for us to emphasize. That is where the spiritual campaign forges far ahead and is lifted above the struggle for earthly honors. Success for one here does not, as there, mean de-

feat for others. Comradeship, not rivalry, is the bond which unites the contestants. How many soever they be, the success of every one who contends lawfully is surer than the everlasting hills, fixed as the ordinances of day and night; not only so, it ministers directly to the success of all.

"Wherefore, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never stumble; for thus shall be richly supplied unto you the entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

Notes.

One of our Seattle readers who subscribed for *The Pacific* about a month ago writes: "I like it very, very much, and pray that it may meet with the success you desire for it."

From September 1, 1899, to September 1, 1900, the total amount of money given by the First Congregational church of Oakland for church expenses and benevolences was \$35,088.52.

California voters should see to it that the state is brought into line with the other states of the union as to the exemption of church property from taxation. All that is desirable and enduring in our civilization rests upon the foundation of the Christian church. Many men who are not professing Christians will vote for the amendment. They desire the churches to go in their communities unshackled.

Nothing will steal a man's brains—if he has any—sooner than liquor. We know of two preachers of the gospel whom it has sent out of the ministry recently. It made one incapable of appearing in his pulpit from time to time on Sunday mornings. It led the other to certain indiscreet acts which it is not at all likely he would have committed had he not been slightly under the influence of that devilish drink.

Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, who for the last twelve years has been pastor of Berkeley Temple, Boston, has entered upon his work as supply for the First Congregational church of Sacramento for the winter. Leave of absence was granted Dr. Dickinson for one year by his church in Boston. The time will be spent mostly in California with the hope that relief may be had from throat trouble with which he has been afflicted in Boston.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Wallace, pastor of Westminster Congregational church, Spokane, Washington, sent us last week the names of nine new subscribers for *The Pacific*. These

were secured by presenting the interests of the paper and its value to all our coast churches at the church service one Sunday morning. Dr. Wallace says: "Personally, I get more real help from *The Pacific* than from some much more costly religious papers for which I subscribe. What helps me will help my people. Hence my desire for them to take it."

Although 111 persons were received into the membership of the First church of Oakland for the year ending September 1st, the membership is less than it was a year ago. It is now 1,214. Then it was 1,241. In addition to the losses by removal and death these were dropped from the roll the names of 69 persons. Revision of church rolls should not be neglected. We take from the list each year the names of the dead. Why shouldn't we take therefrom the names of those who by no means can do the church the good that the dead can do it?

The Congregational church of Nelson, British Columbia, will occupy an attractive new building next month. Our British Columbia brethren are as yet few in number, but there is a good field there for the extension of Congregationalism. The Canadian churches and those in England ought to aid in establishing churches in that Northwest country, just as aid is given in the United States. It is likely that such aid would have been extended ere this to considerable extent had it not been for the South African war, which absorbed England's thought and strength. A visit of Canadian and English Congregationalists to British Columbia three years ago directed attention to this need.

The October number of the *Student Record*, published by the students of the University of Nevada at Reno, pays tribute to the late Professor Charles P. Brown, who died suddenly last July. Mr. Brown was a member of the Congregational church of Reno, and by his departure the church as well as the university has sustained a great loss. The *Record* says: "His high character as a man, his thoroughness and conscientiousness as a student and an instructor, have won for him the respect of all who knew him. His hearty interest in all the activities of student life made him especially beloved. His relation to the university as a graduate made his relation as a professor the closer and more sympathetic. His death, just as he was entering upon his larger duties in his chosen field of work, is a loss from which the university will not soon recover."

There are certain afflictions common among Christian people the world over. The remedies in one locality are applicable in others. Accordingly, we repeat here the words the attendants at worship in Plymouth church, Seattle, read in a recent number of the weekly

bulletin: "Oh, dear people, won't you make a desperate effort to be promptly in your places on Sunday morning? It is specially discouraging to step upon the platform and begin the service with about a third of a congregation in the church, even though the people fill the pews before the sermon begins. Surely the privilege of worship is not lightly esteemed by our people. It is impossible to worship aright if you hurry to church at the last moment, and almost out of breath find your seats at the expense of the introductory exercises. There are always those who are unavoidably late. But half or two-thirds of the congregation cannot have a good excuse for tardiness. Say over to yourselves the various reasons you have been giving for being late to church for some time back, and as your lips repeat the words they will appear extremely silly to you. Just swallow your chagrin at reading this in print, knowing that it means you, and resolve right here and now that next Sunday morning and thereafter you will be found in your places at five minutes to eleven at the latest moment. Suppose when eleven arrived there should be no pastor in his chair? Suppose he should come sauntering in quite leisurely at fifteen or twenty minutes past eleven, what would you think? O promptitude, thou art as bright a jewel as consistency! Come, my people, wake up earlier o' Sunday mornings, or be more active after you do get up, and stop this unfortunate habit of dragging down the aisles so late as to cause the pastor anxiety lest you may be on the flat of your back at home suffering from some virulent disease. Wake up! Wake up!"

Chronicle and Comment.

An altogether too common fault was well hit off in the remark of a visitor after attending a religious service of the Mormons: "Every one of them, apparently, is on shirt-sleeve terms with the Almighty." It seems to us that in some orthodox pulpits, language and manner strangely like this may be noted.

At the meeting of the synod of California in Berkeley last week a plan was presented for the publication of another Presbyterian paper on this coast, provided one thousand subscriptions at one dollar each were pledged. Much surprise was expressed at the rashness of the man who proposed to undertake its publication, and the proposition received no approval. It was voted to support as heartily as possible *The Interior*, published in Chicago, to which *The Occident* subscription list was transferred a few months ago. *The Interior* is serving the Presbyterian churches of the coast as well as any Eastern paper can, but, contrasted with what *The Pacific* is doing for the Congregational churches, that service is small indeed.

The advantages of the limitations received fresh illustration in the meeting of the General Association of California at Cloverdale. It was a quiet village and a small church which welcomed us. There were about 175 present from out of town, including delegates and visitors. Of the townspeople there were perhaps an average of 40 present at different sessions. It was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. Three conditions in particular contributed to its success—the absence of diverting interests, the limited seating capacity of the church and the weather. The first and the last sent the people to their meeting place and kept them there. The second made the most of the assembly, which would have seemed but a handful in one of our metropolitan churches, created the impression of numbers, and, by bringing the singers together, secured volume of sound, brought their voices into unison, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the service of song.

A startling item of news was that which recently came from New York regarding Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate. Without the turn of a hand, so it was stated, by a simple rise in the stock of his company, \$5,678,000 were added to his income in a single day. His annual income, it is estimated, reaches the almost incredible sum of \$75,000,000. Not only so, but by the mere momentum of gravitation, to him that hath more is given, and willy nilly, the golden ball is continually growing. A comparison in this respect shows that Mr. Rockefeller's income is nearly four times greater than the aggregated wealth of all the sovereigns of Europe. These are startling figures, and alarming also. The gathering of such enormous wealth in individual hands is full of menace to society. It is not a sign of health in the body politics. It matters not how virtuous the individual, the control of such vast sums overweights society. Its possibility points to something radically wrong in the social system, something which needs reforming, in order that the gifts of God may be more evenly distributed among his children. Neither Mr. Rockefeller nor any other man is worth \$75,000,000 a year, to the State, which so many of his brethren and sisters are ground to the earth by poverty and hardship. Such a statement as this must add fuel to the flame of popular discontent with existing social conditions. It must increase the tension of mutual distrust between classes already strained beyond the danger point. Perhaps, however, it may prove no real disadvantage if it forces the questions involved to an early issue.

A friend; one human soul whom we can trust always; who knows the best and worst of us, and who loves us in spite of our faults. —

The Kingdom of God as Affected by Foreign Conditions.

This was the important subject for consideration at the meeting of the Congregational Club last Monday evening at the California hotel. Dr. A. P. Peck spoke concerning the conditions and outlook in China. He said that although the outside world had for some years touched China in many ways yet she had remained an unsolved riddle. But recently there had been a whirl of events and the times were significant. Some of the lessons Providence has been holding up before us were considered. The transformation wrought in the life of the young emperor when he had come under the influence of Western literature and the reformers was graphically portrayed. Temples, it was said, were turned into school-houses and far-reaching influences for good began to be apparent. They were short-lived; dethronement came. But in it all God had shown what an emperor of China might be, and some time would be. The story of one martyr-spirit in those troublous times was told. He had been brought to see as he read the history of the world that no country had ever been uplifted and saved without the shedding of blood. He stood for the right against the opposing forces of evil. He was warned but said that if necessary he was ready to meet death that better things might come to his benighted people. Soon his headless body was tossed around and his blood dyed the land he would uplift and save.

Dr. Peck stated that there was before the great powers a plain duty. The fate of China in the providence of God is unexpectedly in their hands. There must be exercised now a control that shall turn them into better channels. It was his opinion that a great party in China was ready for this.

Mr. Raymond C. Robbins, who was for some time in charge of the Congregational church at Nome, expressed his pleasure at being permitted to hear this story of the coming kingdom of heaven upon the earth. In Anglo-Saxon influence and supremacy beyond the sea he foresaw the coming of a nobler and a better time. It was his opinion that no mission field could be found that would give better returns than Alaska. In time it would be a land of towns and cities and homes. He had found there, he said, the spirit of the Master as potent as anywhere here in sunny California. He told of the work being done by our little church in Nome, and how the Puritan spirit and religion, moving across the continent and up along those far-north coasts, sent back to old New England the call for continued loyalty to Him under whose banner they were battling so that his kingdom might indeed come and everywhere prevail.

The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams recalled an address made by the Rev. Dr. McLean at

a great missionary gathering in the East a score of years ago, and the impression made upon him by one word used. Dr. McLean, said Dr. Adams, has the happy faculty of saying something every time he speaks which sticks as this word had stuck with him these twenty years. This was the word "projected." It was used in a talk concerning the Chinese question at a time when it was an absorbing one in this country. The question, he said, was one which could be understood in all its phases and bearings only when it was projected. That is, the future would throw light upon it, and solve the problem aright. Making this the basis of his thought Dr. Adams said that we should have been astonished a few decades ago if any one had told us that a Kentucky boy would stand and speak in a Congregational club in San Francisco as the speaker who had preceded him had spoken. Likewise great would have been the astonishment if one had said that General Joe Wheeler would have been fighting side by side with those who were once his enemies. Those troublous questions had been projected. Time had wrought wondrous changes. Today North and South honored Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. Turning then to the troubles in China the thought was that the grandest movement in civilization and Christianity the world has known was to come up out of that seething cauldron. God is working and God's angels have charge of it all and he is going to put a Christian civilization in Asia that will stand forever. Thus projected this Christian optimist some of the great questions and events which, during recent months, have been thrilling the world.

Dr. McLean was to have spoken concerning the recent meeting of the American Board, but it seemed to him that the impression left by the three speakers would be more abiding for good if talk were suspended there. And so, with complimentary reference to the intellectual feast of the evening, he asked to be excused as a speaker.

Attractive Home for the Aged.

The John Tennant Memorial Home at Pacific Grove is now open and offers in its situation and surroundings special attractions for the class of persons it is designed to accommodate; the salubrious climate and quiet neighborhood just outside the village, surrounded by the pines and near the ocean, together with the appointments of the building, make it a restful home for the aged; terms, \$15 a month, the best rooms \$20, not including laundry and medical attendance; there is no provision as yet for life membership. For further particulars address Rev. Hobart Chetwood, as above.

"The Eternal Foundation."

[A Sermon by the Rev. William Rader of the Third Congregational church, San Francisco.]

Text: Isaiah xxviii: 16, "Therefore thus saith the Lord, God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste."

The Bible describes and defines our Lord by a variety of terms. He is, for example, called the light and life, the door, the vine and the shepherd of the sheep. Isaiah thinks of him prophetically as a corner stone which binds and sustains the wall.

The stones of the Bible are more precious than "the stones of Venice." In Daniel is the stone cut out of the mountain, filling the earth and rolling down with crushing force. Then we have the sacred stones of Jordan, the Ebenezer of deliverance; of Bethel, the pillar of Jacob; of Sinai, the granite pages of the Decalogue, and the stone marking the spot where Joshua took farewell of his followers. The New Testament is full of sacred rocks, —rocks of Calvary, rocks of resurrection and stones which live—the stone rejected becoming the chief corner stone, and the character of Peter, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

The thought in the prophet's mind is a universal temple of liberty, or justice, or civilization, resting upon an enormous corner stone as broad as the world, as deep as human need. It is an architectural term suggested by the great corner stones of the East, and used to describe the spiritual foundation of the Kingdom of God.

This stone is tried, that is to say, tested, or in the exact meaning of the original, "a test stone." It is the standard by which all other stones are to be tested, the corrective and ideal of moral forces.

Christianity is no longer an interrogatory, a problem, but a demonstration. It is not a world question, but a world fact. Jesus Christ has passed the test and is now testing his critics. He does what he claimed he could do. The corner stone demonstrates its own right to be a corner stone. Christianity is conceded to be a movement incomparable as a force, unrivalled as a fact, unequalled as a power. It has emerged from the fires of opposition and takes its place among the tested and demonstrated forces of history, an ever-expanding, progressive, vital life, moving in triumph over the world, and gradually becoming, in the power of its Christ, the chief corner stone of government, society, industry and morals.

He has been tested by hostile and friendly criticism. No other life has been subjected to such scrutiny. Scientist, philosopher, historian, theologian—all have searched and found naught but perfection. They have

looked for flaws and found facts, for weakness and found strength. As men light candles and go over the marble statue for one mark of imperfection, so have they lighted the candles of criticism and with patient study examined this model of the world.

Assault has followed assault, but he has stood the test, and in turn become the test of his critics. The result is a universal confidence in the person of Christ. No one has written a book or delivered a lecture on "The Mistakes of Jesus." Laboring men applaud his name and his teachings are regarded with the same respect in the Christian factory as they are in the Christian church. I unhesitatingly declare that Jesus Christ is more popular today than ever before.

He has been tested by the tempter in the wilderness, when tired and hungry. He met the evil one. He was offered kingdoms when the world misunderstood him and bread when he was hungered. These he could have had by turning from the will of God and dashing away the bitter cup, but he was equal to the emergency and met the devil on his own ground. When men make a cannon it is tested, when they build a battleship it is sent out upon the sea to be tried, and when they build a bridge it is tested by enormous weights. So was our Lord judged and thus became the eternal foundation—a stone set in the corner, tried and not found wanting.

It is a precious stone. Let us examine this word "precious." What does it mean? When is a life precious? One is precious according to his opportunities to do good and to the extent he bears responsibilities. A man's value to the world is measured by his power to do good. There are aimless, purposeless, indifferent lives, depending for their sustenance upon others, which we would not call precious. A father, the head of the family, the defender and protector of children and wife, is precious in their sight. He must not fall sick or die, because it does not seem possible to spare him.

So there are certain great souls in whom lines of power meet as points of light in a planet. They are the center and source of vast influences. They are reservoirs of power. Therefore a guard protects the king and the queen. Therefore when King Humbert is struck down all Italy trembles. President McKinley's life is at this juncture politically precious in the eyes of the American people. The stone is precious because it receives and reflects light. The cobble stone is a dull, hard thing, lying dumb under the horses' hoofs, but the gem catches and flings back in a thousand delicate colors the splendor of the sun. Are we cobble stones or gems? Have we this power to receive and return the divine? To the extent we are able to do this, are we

inspired. Inspiration is this very power, the power first of all to receive and possess; but it is not the whole of the divine capacity. A sponge is not a diamond if for no other reason than it absorbs, and takes in and will not give back until squeezed.

It is not necessary to squeeze the beauty out of a diamond. What sponges there are in the churches! More sponges than gems.

Here below, in this commonplace world, are many ordinary and withal useful stones, but above, in the great crown of literature, are many glittering stones which are precious. They have caught the glorious sun. This is the beauty and supremacy of the Bible. The seers and prophets who have lived near the Infinite are precious because they receive and reflect the radiance of the Sun of Righteousness. It is this we call the inspiration of the Bible. These represent the same range of perfection as the precious stones.

Precious stones are inseparable in their substance from all other stones, however ordinary they may be. Thus the limestone peaks of the Alps are related to the diamonds of South Africa, and the stone the boy throws at the squirrel belongs to the same family of the jeweler's gleaming on the king's crown. The sapphire cannot disown its relation to the ordinary sandstone. There is one stone nature variously manifested, now in the iron rocks, now in the sea-green of the jasper. It is only saying that there is one universal, unbroken life, ranging from the flower to the tree, from the babe to Shakespeare, from man to God. There is one life; not two, or three, or a dozen lives.

The foundation, then, is a stone, tried and precious. Is it amethyst, with its violet hue, or the pellucid beryl, or chrysolite, beautiful with golden clouds, or the emerald green, the jasper reflecting the color of the sea, or the red-purple ruby? No, it is none of these, not even the precious sapphire. The best, hardest, purest of stones alone symbolizes the divine Christ. He is a corner stone of diamond, vast, solid, the incarnation of the light "ne'er seen on land or sea." This precious stone sustains and binds the walls of the universal Kingdom of God. It is this, the most important and the most necessary, and therefore the most precious of all lives which is the everlasting corner stone of the temple of God, the dwelling place of man.

The foundation is sure, it never moves, nor trembles, nor changes. Other foundations shift. A few months ago tourists to Alaska saw the great Muir glacier outlined against the sky, a great glittering unit of ice; but now they see the broken fragments of that glorious glacier. An earthquake has shattered it into many separate icebergs. So is it with the transient loves, systems, and foundations of

the world. Yesterday they were complete and apparently stable, but today they are broken into a thousand pieces. We outgrow the theology of Calvin, Knox and Edwards, and we talk of creed revision, but we have not outgrown the theology of Jesus Christ. His gospel is inexhaustible and never shifts nor changes.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide my-self in thee."

It is a matter of consolation that there is one sure place, one certain foundation in this world of change and disappointment. It is a matter of congratulation that more and more men are discovering this certainty in Christ. To him they come to rest, when nothing else gives rest. Upon him they build when all other foundations are sand. In him they trust when all other friends prove false. Christ never disappoints. He never breaks a promise. The character and words of Christ are the world's corner stone, pure, tried, precious, sure, without stain or blemish. He is a sure foundation in labor, society, government, the church, the individual, the corner stone of certainty, of civilization and the kingdom of God.

Observe the last clause of the text: "He that believeth shall not make haste," which is to say, he that confides in this stone shall not be ashamed—never make apology for his confidence. This is not true of many corner stones. And how men have searched for them! Cardinal Newman found it in the Catholic Church, and Matthew Arnold in reason, and Luther in the Bible. It appears that in the ancient prophet there was a glimpse of the true seat of authority in the mind of Christ.

Confessedly that "mind" is today becoming the great throne of authority. When the world believes and understands what Christ said and thought and did, and the world seeks no further for authority to say and think and do the same things, it is not a heresy to trust the mind of Christ. To him the intellect of man makes its last appeal. What he says on any subject sways public opinion and moves more lives than what all others have said. Christ is the supreme teacher, the intellectual ruler of the world.

"All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

There are many false or imperfect corner stones selected by good people from the mass of "isms," experiments, theories and faiths. One selects Mrs. Eddy, another Dr. Downie, another Prof. Slade or Madam Blavatsky, or somebody else. These people run hither and thither after some new thing, disregarding the Bible and leaving the church which they falsely profess to outgrow. But you answer at once, "Have not these things some truth in them?" Yes, and therefore they are doubly

misleading. Suppose you do put a handful of jewels, gems of truth, in your cotton bales or bundles of straw. Do they insure a solid foundation for a building? You might put millions of dollars' worth of precious stones in the sand dunes, they still would make an insecure foundation for a structure. My conviction is that the gospel of Jesus Christ tells you all that you ought to know. The people who are running here and there, wading in the shifting, blinding sands of so-called advanced theories, will find in the end that the wisest plan is to keep close to the old, simple gospel of Jesus Christ.

It proves to be more satisfying than all the "isms." If you hold to that gospel by your graves in the storm of the cemetery and in the discipline of life when you look on something substantial and sure, you will be neither ashamed nor disappointed. The utterance of Christ upon the great problems of the future and upon the vital issues of right and wrong are more safe and sure than any other utterances. Come back, then, and rest upon this corner stone. Return to the chief wisdom, the complete manifestation, the sure foundation, and build your faith on that. The day will never come when you can say, "I am ashamed of my faith and disappointed in my confidence."

In the Sermon on the Mount is a graphic picture, in which each hearer before me may see the representation of his own spiritual condition. It is the contrasted picture of two houses, one built upon the sand, the other upon the rock. A storm arises and the lightning flashes among the threatening clouds which roll over the skies. The rains not only descend, but beat like heavy fists upon the houses. The heavens boom with the sound of artillery, and all nature seems determined to assault and overthrow these houses, standing like two lives in the midnight storm. At length one falls—falls as a tree in the forest falls, with an ominous crash—not because the superstructure was imperfect, but because the foundation was sand; and great was the fall of that house! The other does not fall, not because the building itself had superior timbers or was better made, but because beneath it was the immovable rock. Many a man is in himself strong, with good motives and well furnished, but he stands on shifting sand. It matters little how costly the furnishings, how perfect the education, how large the bank account, how beautiful the vision, if he stands upon the sands the rains will beat him to the ground. Costly paintings and rich carvings and expensive tapestries do not protect the house. It is the foundation which must be secure.

It is a matter of importance that we have something to stand upon, that we believe

aright, and put our confidence in the immovable corner stone of Christ. Are you described by the house built upon the sands, which fell, or by the house standing on the "Rock of Ages," and which fell not?

"How to Organize a Church for Efficient Work."

[A Paper read by Rev. J. J. Stanb of the Sunnyside Congregational church, Portland, Ore., at the State Association held at Hillsboro, Ore., September 25th-27th, 1900.]

No work under the sun compares with that of the church in importance. God has corroborated this fact by centuries of unremitting interest; interest which did not end in some sort of sympathy, nor even in marvelous divine interpositions, but an interest the depth and height and length and breadth of which is vindicated for all time and eternity in the gift of His Only Begotten—the gift of Bethlehem, the gift of Gethsemane, the gift of Calvary, the gift of Easter morning, the gift of Pentecost. How read we human history apart from the molding influences of the Christian church? How interpret the unfolding and development of all that may be comprised in civilization, and not meet at every succeeding step with her torch-bearers of truth, the vine of the Lord's planting, sending her spreading tendrils into every nook and corner of human life and growth and achievement.

Beyond the city of Geneva, Switzerland, two rivers unite their forces; the one on the left is muddy and turbid, the one on the right is pure and clear as crystal. For a considerable distance they move on side by side without the slightest indication of contamination, as though separated by an invisible partition; still farther down the valley the formerly clear and limpid waters show signs of gradually becoming defiled by their impure associate and only a short distance more reveals the complete absence of any separation or distinction; there is but one tide of a muddy turbid stream. But a pleasant surprise awaits the traveler who follows the river to its goal; in their progress the waters have become filtered and cleansed, all dirt and filth has settled down on the river's bed, and where it pours its flood into the ocean, it has regained the purity of its mountain home. So it is not to be wondered when the stream of divine truth in its long course down the centuries of time should give evidence of a sinful, unbelieving world; but let us toil and hope that when this stream reaches the throne of God it may itself be pure and have purified the lands and nations through which it flowed.

The magnitude of Christian work at any time and the needs and conditions of our day in particular form a problem for the sincere Christian laymen and pastor of paramount

concern. We do not know whether ours is the period when the steams of truth and falsehood, of righteousness and worldliness, are mixing more freely than before; but certain we are that conditions exist which make it extremely hard to keep pure the one and clarify the other.

The outline of our subject intimates one factor in church work which we do well to consider and to which we may confidently look for encouraging results. We emphasize both the needs and benefits of organization, system, method; and we do so not unmindful of the cry that there is already too much organization. But in fact nothing needs organization more than the society or church which is burdened with an overproduction of it, and considerable time may be required to reduce to an organized system the intricate machinery which is expected to turn out the church work of today.

THE WORKING CHURCH.

In our opinion that is an organized church, be it composed of a dozen departments, or have only one, which succeeds in getting its membership to work. W-O-R-K. The strongest church is not the one with the longest list of names, but with the greatest percentage of willing workers, the "Here am I, send me's." True, a church may need an entire reformation before it becomes possible to make of it a working church. It is unreasonable to expect an abundant harvest from a sickly tree. Considering the state of religion and spirituality, instead of grieving over small results and slow growth, we might be amazed could we realize how feeble a force of life has yielded that which greets our eyes. Pastors know theoretically that there can be no activity or growth where there is no life, but do not always seem to see their way clear to labor in prayer and sermon that their flocks might have *the life*, and that they might have it more abundantly. Godliness is an absolute requisite for efficient Christian service; and this godliness must needs be in the preacher and his message if it is ever to get into the pews. On this ground we have no sympathy with the ordination and installation of a pastor to whom the vitals of Christianity are unknown quantities. What good can there come of the blind leading the blind? Brethren of the Congregational fold, shall we not with the beginning of the fall campaign lay the axe to the root of the tree, be true to our innermost convictions as to what constitutes real Christianity, and surely we shall revive and become strong.

In securing a working church much depends on the pastor. Where is there a faithful minister of the gospel that has not realized how readily the temperature of the church rises and falls with the fervor or lukewarmness

of his spirit? If he is at all qualified to be a leader, his life will be a standing contagion in the community, and the gauge of his sincerity and aggressiveness will set a pace for all his followers. From him emanates much of the inspiration that keeps the work moving. It is not to be denied, however, that there are churches, and Oregon might quote some cases, perhaps, where the saintliest and most energetic of pastors have failed to impart their impetus to the field, and whatever advance may have been achieved during their administration was gained by riding on the shoulders of their faithful leader; and these are congregations that could sit under the preaching of an angel with the complacency of marble statues and be inspired to about the same degree. So long as human nature is what it is, the church that depends on the long-range oratory of its pulpit for growth and strength will have to continue in disappointment. The example of the early disciples in their hand-to-hand work may not only be followed with profit today, but should be emphasized today. The individual member is the traveling salesman of a business firm; there is more profit in a live solicitor than in a ton of newspaper "ads"; it is the application of Payson's rule—"The man that wants to see me is the man I want to see." So are the results of *personal* Christian activity greater than the achievements of a fictitious D.D. on the rostrum. Both the growth in membership and the general usefulness of the church in its community must needs be lamentably small where the efforts of the pastor are not mightily seconded by a consecrated, faithful membership.

Activity on the part of every individual is the paramount issue in church work. It not only solves the problem of the maintenance in fervor and growth of old members, but it is in a large measure the answer of "how to hold the newcomer." We do not mean to elect him president of every department at the first business meeting, for some of these promising newcomers are a thousand times harder to get out of office than to install; but on the other hand, nothing will hold him as personal interest, and nothing will convince him of personal interest as the allotment of some line of adapted work.

Right here an item of considerable significance occurs to us in the freer use of the printer's ink. No successful merchant but realizes and appreciates the efficient medium of the press; there is of course a legitimate and an extravagant use of this influence, but the danger with most churches lies by far in the direction of undervaluation. We may safely use every expedient that brings our church before the public we wish to reach. Why not leave with your visiting card one that bears the name of your church, the list of her services,

and a warm welcome to every one that attends them. Tickets or invitations to occasional meetings of a special character, a series of special topics, a new phase of work the church hopes to enter upon or merely a reminder of your interest in others will not be spent without gratifying returns.

A WORD ABOUT THE PRAYER-MEETING.

We find the traces of influence and power of this meeting clear back through the centuries to the memorable gathering in that upper room where they continued with one accord in prayer and supplication. Roman historians make frequent reference to the meeting of Christians for the purpose of prayer and praise, throughout the narrative of the early centuries. In fact we see its glimmering light in the dark ages becoming gradually the pathfinder of the reformation; its spirit and leavening power formed the cargo of many a Mayflower. No branch of our work depends so exclusively upon the spiritual tone and standard of the church as does this mid-week service and for that reason it becomes a correct clue as to the actual whereabouts of its membership. It is a continual eye-opener to every earnest pastor or member. Weakness here denotes the need, not so much of local treatment, as of the toning up of the entire system. Many wonder what should or could be done for the prayer-meeting, proposing all manner of changes and not a few advocating complete abandonment. All such attempts are but the treatment of visible symptoms, while the seat of the disease is to be found much deeper. It is more than true that the prayer-meeting is a mammoth interrogation point with many churches; their weak attendance and feeble participation form a crushing problem for many a pastor; but to say that we will hang out the white flag and eliminate this patience-trying service is cowardice and a step right in line with the spirit of the age by which the sermon becomes a lecture and the church an up-to-date club house. If the Young People's Society is filling its mission it should furnish most excellent material for the prayer-meeting; its active membership pledge urges them to attend the meetings of the church, and the confidence they have gained in their society should qualify them to be of great help in the meeting we speak of. Perchance, the lagging in the prayer-meeting finds not a little cause in the lack of preparation. The topic usually considered at this service might enjoy a much heartier and thorough discussion if different phases of the same had been allotted to a few regular attendants, who by their readiness would break an otherwise distressing silence after the pastor's initiatory remarks, and others would feel more free to add a word in general. The more a meeting of this character is inclined to be dull and heavy, the greater the

need of previous preparation. Not a few churches use for their prayer-meeting topics the Sunday-school lesson of the following Sunday and in so doing not only gain the spiritual truths adapted to this particular service, but form a normal class from which teachers may be taken to fill vacancies in the classes.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Our survey of possible improvements in church organization cannot afford to pass unnoticed her all-important duty to the young. Under this head we might include all kindred branches, such as Y. P. S. C. E., both Senior and Junior, etc. It should not appear necessary to draw special attention to this line of work when experience abundantly demonstrates that no part of the field yields a richer harvest than the cultivation of the incoming generation. After all only a few years are required for the young Sunday-school scholars to grow up into the Young People's Society and from there enter the church. In our pastorate at Sunnyside we have had the great delight of watching them through the whole course from the very beginning to full church-membership and full participation in the work of the kingdom; and just now we enter a period in which with God's grace we hope to gather sheaves of our earliest sowing. We have neither time nor room to enter into detail on all these departments and will confine ourselves to a brief word regarding that time-honored institution of the Sunday-school. Recent innovations and experiments have added not a little interest to this phase of work and yet no doubt double and treble the attention now paid to it would bring returns a hundred-fold. The graded plan with its more minute observance of the individual scholar in age, mental development and faithfulness is finding a hearty welcome in a constantly growing number of schools. Due credit is given by this system to every boy and girl for attendance, promptness, deportment, lesson-work, giving, etc.; in short, it tends in every way to make the most of the time and the individual and the results cannot be other than salutary. In the brevity of our consideration we wish yet to accentuate the Decision Day movement. It is the working out of a principle in the Sunday-school too easily neglected and forgotten. It steadily reminds both teacher and pupil of the goal we are striving for, and too much cannot be said in favor of an early leading of our youth to a decision for Christ.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

And now a word about the Missionary Society. We do not care to tell all we know and think about the missionary enterprises of our churches; the confession, though good for our souls, might be too humiliating. We will simply note the long breath that is drawn, the

sighs of despair that greet the pastor's notice of a missionary meeting to take place during the following week; we'll peep in the window after that meeting has opened to see all the way from four to six old ladies representing a church of a hundred members and voicing the missionary interest of that excellent host. Two or three clippings from the *Congregationalist* or *Advance* are read to illumine the subject under consideration. One of these dear old mothers, in Israel offers a fervent prayer to the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into the harvest, and the meeting closes with a collection amounting to eighty-five cents and an adjournment to meet three months hence. The dear Lord have mercy on the poor church they represent! Is it not the duty of the pastor of such and similar congregations to shake up their dry bones until they know and believe they are dead? We are gravely solicitous over the church members of our day who, with the priest and Levite, pass the cause so dear to our Master and leave it to sutter by the wayside. In seeking a remedy for this trouble we have found nothing better yet than the organization of a Church Missionary Society. All are equally obligated to attend its meetings and to give toward its support. The very fact that old and young, men and women are enlisted, is a vast stride in advance over old methods; its meetings which can be made bright and attractive with interesting programs secure good attendances and disseminate missionary intelligence where hitherto not a ray of light gained admission, and what is best of all, and the strongest argument in favor of this institution, is the amount secured for the missionary cause. (By this system Sunnyside raised over \$2 per resident member during last year.)

CHURCH FINANCES.

The systematizing of church work may have reached an admirable degree, yet it is sadly incomplete if it suffers at the hands of a poor financial management. Here we touch the bleeding sore of a vast multitude of churches. It is like talking of a Utopia or the millennium to even dream of the results should the Christian world approximately do its duty on this score; and after we have said all that might be said about the spiritual forces of the church we must still confess to this cancer that eats away her very life. The average sense of duty and responsibility to give is mournfully dull; and both pastor and officers should not think their work done without impressing upon their constituency this obligation which is co-equal with the most fundamental factors of their faith. Let the members of the Lord's body understand that from their just and honest income they owe a share to him who gave his blessed increase and if their safe is locked upon a treasure of ill gain let them know that

all the singing and praying of the Sabbath will not mitigate the curse. And again, in this feature of the work system is sorely needed; yea, the very churches usually which claim they do not dare to assume a financial system are the ones which can least afford to be without it. The same congregation that rolls up a certain sum annually for home expenses and missions and would be bitterly indignant over a verdict that they might have done much better, would have doubled and trebled that amount by the application of a system. The church to which the writer ministers, being yet comparatively young, has gone through all sorts and methods of giving, but the obligations we have to meet make a careful and strong financial system imperative. We know from past experience about what it requires to run our church for a year, and before that year is entered we see that the specified amount is covered by voluntary subscriptions taken at the time of the annual meeting or gained through personal interview of the Finance Committee with the individual member. These subscriptions are pledges for amounts governed by the giver and deposited weekly in an envelope at the time of the usual Sabbath offering. Fidelity in sticking to this plan has made dunning the church from the pulpit in the hearing of outsiders absolutely unnecessary and on the last day of every month the clerk draws warrants on the treasurer for whatever amounts are due and so far not a single bill has had to lay over for want of funds. It requires, however, watchfulness in two points with the best of systems—the first is everlastingly hanging on to its principle, for there will always be a tendency to relax in the effort, and the second is the keeping of a perfect set of books. People have confidence in the management of a church and will be more liberally inclined when they know that every penny is accounted for and any moment the respective officers will be delighted to answer any questions and invite investigation into the exact standing of the church. The Sunnyside clerk and treasurer will give instruction to all applicants and to insure betterment in congregational finances will do it free gratis.

New York Letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 8, 1900.

Editor The Pacific: I think you would have enjoyed sitting at my side last evening from 8 to 9:30 o'clock, as I spent that time listening to a sermon from the lips of Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., in the church made famous by the forty years' pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher.

Once, while lounging around a bookstore, I lazily picked up a red-bound volume, opened it, and was so struck with the beauty of thought, purity of expression, and richness of

illustration that I immediately bought it. The title-page bore the name of Dr. Hillis as the author. I had then never heard of the man, but his work spoke for itself. Some months after that I happened upon a brief newspaper paragraph announcing that a Chicago pastor had been called to succeed Dr. Lyman Abbott, Beecher's successor in the Plymouth church, Brooklyn. The name given was "Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis." I repeated the name to myself. It seemed familiar. Why, is not this the name of the author of the little book that so impressed me a month or two back? Yes; I looked it up; it was the same. The book and the call to the Plymouth church pastorate were both explained.

It is not surprising, then, that I was eager to hear this distinguished preacher and author. I made inquiry at the house where I am stopping as to the location of Beecher's church, and got about the same reply an American traveler in Stratford-on-Avon received when he asked a native Stratford woman if she could direct him to Shakespeare's house. "I've heard of such a mon," she replied, "but do not know him, and cannot tell you where he lives." Verily, a prophet hath no honor in his own country. But by dint of diligent inquiry I learned the address, anyway. So I went to Orange street, between Henry and Hicks, and there found a large but severely plain brick structure, without tower or spire, the facade overgrown with ivy from ground to gable. The street is narrow, the neighborhood crowded, the building squatty and unpretentious-looking—in marked contrast with the magnificent cathedrals of Catholic and Protestant Episcopalian persuasion on the New York side. The interior corresponds with the exterior. The auditorium is ample in size, plain and simple in its appointments, yet comfortable and inviting. A large organ occupies the nave. The pulpit is a simple platform in front of the choir loft. The seats are plain board, painted yellow, surmounted by a three-quarter round walnut molding. The seats are plainly cushioned. In fact, the church building is not architecturally "up-to-date" by any manner of means. And yet, who would want to exchange it for a more pretentious edifice? Its every brick and board is hallowed by the associations of a man who has had no peer in the American pulpit, and perhaps never will; and worthy successors have followed him. It is certain that the present and doubtful if any future board of trustees will become iconoclastic enough to destroy or materially modify this sacred edifice. I do not believe the city of Brooklyn itself would tolerate the laying on of irreverent hands on this building. Brooklyn has honored its most illustrious citizen and in so doing has honored itself, by placing a life-size bronze statue of Beecher in

front of its city hall. This stands on a slate-colored granite pedestal, in a pretty triangular grass-plot in the heart of Brooklyn. It is a tribute to greatness well-merited. In the center of the vestibule of the church is a bronze tablet with a bust of Beecher in relief, beneath which is a statement of the length of his pastorate and a quotation from his works.

Dr. Hillis is a refined, scholarly-looking man of the dark type. His hair and moustache are coal black, and his face would be full and florid were he engaged in out-door employment. As it is, his complexion has the pallor of the student. Evidently he is a man of naturally strong constitution, but his face betrays the fact that he is pushing his mental and physical powers to the extreme of safety. He is easy and self-possessed in the pulpit. His sermon, "Oliver Cromwell and the Need of a Revival of Puritanism in American Life and Thought," was a gem of chaste diction, beautiful conception and vigorous thought. His tribute to Cromwell's greatness as a statesman, general and high-minded Christian could not be surpassed. He lacks, however, the magnetic quality of pulpit orators less famous than he, is a trifle stiff in his gesticulations, and at long intervals trips up and repeats a word. But he holds the rapt attention of his auditors from the first word to the last, his utterances are models of English diction and rich illustration. He is very fond of the simile, and were his illustrations not so beautiful and apt, he would be said to over-do this figure of speech. He seems to me thoroughly honest and soundly orthodox. I hope to hear him again.

Yours sincerely,

H. E. Pastor.

The hour of death is to the Christian the birthday of endless life.—Macduff.

"The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

There is some joy in every Christian's heart. Much will depend on temperament, much on habit, much on outward circumstances, as to the development and cultivation of this sacred principle. But in every case you have the elements and actual beginning—the root and fountain and flowing spring of heavenly and eternal joy. Blessed necessity, that compe's every soul in Christ to be happy in him! A flame of renewal has passed through the inmost being, refreshing waters of grace have cleansed every corrupted faculty and cooled every fevered thought. If he cannot break out into a loud song, he can chant some softer syllables of praise. It is even said to be joy "unspeakable"; and it is "full of glory."—A. Raleigh.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Treasurer's Report.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

W. B. M. P.

SEPTEMBER, 1899-1900.

Alameda, \$76.63; Byron S. S., \$1.20; Berkeley: First church, \$172.35; First church Century Fund, \$20; Century Fund, Mrs. Clark, \$20. Campbell, \$30; Cloverdale, \$20; Cottonwood, \$5; Fruitvale, \$10; Field's Landing S. S., \$5; Grass Valley, \$35; Lodi, \$5; Little Shasta, \$15; Mills College, Mrs. Mills, \$25; Oakland: First church, \$435.68; First church Century Fund, \$20; First church Century Fund, Mrs. Lafferty, \$20; Pilgrim, \$62.92; Pilgrim Century Fund, \$20; Plymouthavenue, \$45.55; Market Street, \$10; Fourth, \$5. Pacific Grove, \$27.50; Pacific Grove Maybuds, \$6; Petaluma, \$30; Rio Vista, \$23.10; San Rafael, \$5.05; San Francisco: First, \$250.01; Plymouth, \$117.35; Bethany, \$25; Third, \$32; Park, \$5. Santa Cruz, \$51.50; Saratoga, \$60; San Jose, Kingdom Ex. So., \$81; San Juan, \$3.25; Sonoma, \$11.10; Sonoma Christian Endeavor, \$12; Stockton, \$75; Oregon Branch, \$235.17; Oregon Branch Famine Relief, \$45; Utah Branch, \$7.50; Washington Branch, \$514.41; Southern Branch, \$1,960.85; Southern Branch Famine Relief, \$150.61; Young Ladies Branch, \$619.47; Mary J. Stewart Trust Fund, \$35; Interest on money in bank, \$12.90; Collection at quarterly meetings, \$53.91; A Friend, \$3; A Friend, \$5; Mrs. Shafter, Century Fund, \$20; Miss M. H. Benedict, Century Fund, \$10. Total receipts, \$5,547.01.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Sent Treasurer of American Board, \$4,787.90; Exchange, \$5.75; Postage, \$16.50; Printing Annual Report and envelopes, \$86.95; Rent, \$30; Ecumenical Council, \$5; Famine Relief, \$201.61. Total, \$5,183.71.

Amount in Ireland Home Fund, \$50; amount in Twentieth Century Fund, \$130. Balance in General Fund, \$183.30.

Grand total, \$5,547.01.

Alice E. Dodge, Treasurer.

The Young Ladies' Branch.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The three meetings of the Branch for the past year have been very interesting. They have been made so by something besides talks or papers on purely missionary topics, and at each one the young ladies of the church, where the meetings were held, have brightened the afternoon for all who were present by the sweet songs they have sung and the refreshments they

have served; both of these have been fully enjoyed and appreciated. Our programs have been varied, but all of them of interest. We have heard of work among women and children in China, for Chinese girls in San Francisco, among Mohammedan children in Jerusalem and Port Said, Egypt, and of the progress of Christianity during the past twenty years in all of the foreign countries where our missionaries are working.

The treasurer of the Branch reports for this year \$593.02 as received at this time.

We are looking forward to brighter prospects for next year, when our President may be in better health and may direct all the affairs of the Branch into channels of greater usefulness and knowledge of the Lord's work.

Alice M. Flint, Rec. Sec. Y. L. B.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Alameda King's Daughters toward Miss Wilson's salary, \$50; Alameda Junior C. E. Society, for the support of a child widow in India, \$15; Berkeley First church, \$60; Cloverdale Gleaners for Missions in Japan \$20. Cloverdale Y. P. S. C. E., toward Miss Wilson's salary, \$20; Oakland First church, Young Ladies' Guild, \$176.17; Oakland First church, Young Ladies' Guild, for the support of a boy in India, \$15; Oakland Pilgrim church, for a scholarship in India, \$15.60; Oroville Junior C. E. Society, \$12.50; Santa Cruz Cheerful Workers, \$25; San Francisco Bethany church, Bethany Gleaners, \$20; San Francisco Third church, Saral Society, \$10; San Francisco Plymouth church, Mizpah Circle, \$19; San Francisco Plymouth church, Y. P. S. C. E., \$15; San Francisco Park church, Y. P. S. C. E., toward a scholarship in India, \$6; San Rafael Y. P. S. C. E., \$5; Soquel Y. P. S. C. E., scholarship in India, \$15; A Friend, \$5;

SUNDAY-SCHOOL OFFERINGS FOR MICRONE-SIA NAVY.

Berkeley, First church, \$7.25; Byron, \$1; Benicia, \$2.90; Field's Landing, \$3; Grass Valley, \$5; Oakland, First church, \$48.20; Oakland Fourth church, \$5; Oakland Pilgrim church, \$9.40; Pacific Grove, Mayflower church, \$10; San Francisco First church, \$8.05; San Francisco Plymouth, \$15.50; San Francisco Third church, \$6.35; San Francisco Park church, \$3.35; Friends, \$2.

Total Receipts, \$631.27.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Printing bill, \$9; Postage, \$2.50; Postal Money Order, \$0.30; Paid Mrs. Alice E. Dodge, Treasurer W. B. M. P., \$619.47. Total disbursements, \$631.27.

Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer.

One with God is a majority.

God helps those who help themselves.

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California.

PROGRAM OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION—EARLY AND GENERAL HISTORY.

1. Devotional. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."
2. Story of the Amistad captives.
3. Foreign work of the A. M. A.
4. Paper, "Origin of the Four Departments of the A. M. A."
5. Blackboard exercise, showing dates of organizing the departments.
6. Paper, "A. M. A. Methods; the School, the College, the Church, Industrial Training."
7. Statistics (blackboard). (a) Financial: income, expenses, needs, amounts given by "Unions." (b) Numbers: schools, pupils, churches, members.
8. Extracts from annual meeting. Addresses (see current weekly papers) or from "Jubilee" addresses.

Consult "Amistad Captives," "Brief History of A. M. A.," Statistics for 1899, Fifty-third annual report, reports from Springfield meeting of October 23-25, 1900, Faneuil Hall speeches. For leaflets on home missionary subjects apply to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont, Cal.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California, held during the meeting of the General Association in Los Angeles, two vacancies, caused by illness and death in the families of those who laid down the work, were filled by the appointment of Mrs. C. P. Dorland of East Los Angeles, as vice-president for Los Angeles District, and of Mrs. S. G. Emerson of Pasadena as superintendent of Young People's Work. The Union is to be congratulated on having these two important positions so satisfactorily filled.

The program committee of the Union wishes to announce that a regular program will appear in this column of *The Pacific* during the third week of each month, and will be sent, together with literature that will help in the use of it, to each auxiliary about the twentieth of each month.

The program work for the year, as planned, includes six programs on the work of the American Missionary Association, and six others on different phases of the homeland work. A list of these subjects will be sent to any one asking for it, and auxiliaries whose topics for the year are already chosen are asked to send them to the Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont, who will send each month such helps as may be available for the subject of that month. Please use freely this department of the work of our Union.

The Sunday-School.

The Unjust Steward. (Luke xvi: 1-13.)

Lesson U. November 4, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—(Luke xvi: 13.)

Time: Winter of A. D. 29-30.

Place: Probably in the province of Perea.

"The central lesson of the parable of the unjust steward is given in verse 9" (Bishop Jones). It warns the Christian remembering that he is a steward in all that he has received, to make use of his earthly store so prudently, so wisely, and so charitably that it may be a means and a help to procure for him eternal blessings. "No parable in the gospels has been the subject of so much controversy as this, while at the same time the general stream of interpretation is well defined and in the main satisfactory" (Alford).

I. Living without worldly forethought. Verses 1, 2.

1. "Unto his disciples"—Not to the apostles only, but to a great group of disciples and followers. "A certain rich man."—It would be funny, were it not sad, the whimsical interpretations put on this rich man by various writers who recoil from taking a simple story in its direct meaning. Schleirmacher makes him to stand for the Romans, Grossman for the Roman emperor, Meyer for mammon, Olshausen for the devil. Really he stands for God, who knows all men's talents, and for whom all men stand as stewards. "A steward."—"A house-dispenser; hence, one who assigns to the members of the household their several duties, and pays to each his wages, and keeps the household stores under lock and seal, giving out what is required: for this purpose he carries a signet ring from his master." The wealth which this steward has is not in coin, but in land, and so thoroughly has he been trusted that he has rented out farms without the details being known by the "rich man," his employer. "The same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods."—"The word for accuse implies malice, but not necessarily falsehood. For 'had wasted' read 'was wasting'; the offense was going on at the time of the accusation." It is evident that no reckoning had been required before this accusation was made. The steward was charged with demanding from the farmers to whom his lord's estate was leased an undue rental, but paying to his master only the fair rent. By this ill-gotten gain, however, the steward had not made himself rich, evidently, and we are to think of him as living "sumptuously and wantonly," far above his legitimate income. "Now for the first time the farm contracts must be produced, and if the comparison of the rent with the sum accounted for reveals the swindle the steward knows he will

be dismissed" (Van Oosterzee). He knows, too, that he is guilty. The steward has been as whimsically explained as the rich man; some have seen in him the Pharisee, others the publican, the Lord Jesus Christ, Judas Iscariot, Satan, etc.; but if the rich man is God, the steward must be Israel in particular, mankind in general.

2. "How is it that I hear this of thee?"—"What is the ground of this report?" "For thou mayst be no longer steward." Can be no longer. A dishonest man is precluded from such a position. "The interpretation of this announcement to the steward is the certainty, spoken by God in every one of our consciences, that we must give up and give an account of our stewardship at death." A grosser unfaithfulness to trust than the scribes and teachers of Israel had been guilty of is unknown in history; but this parable applies to us all.

II. Living with worldly forethought. Verses 3-12.

3. "What shall I do?"—He had been living thoughtlessly as well as wickedly; now he puts the whole force of his intellect to dissipate his trouble. The steward sets before himself the certainty of poverty and misery. He has not by his waste of his lord's property been laying up any store for himself. That is not the point of the parable. He has lived softly and effeminately, and cannot do an honest day's work. "Dig" is used for all manual labors.

4. "I am resolved what to do."—The dramatic abruptness of this soliloquy is very effective: "What shall I do? I am about to be dismissed from my position; I cannot dig, I dare not beg—O, I know, I know what to do." "That, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses."—"I will confer on them such a boon that they will not leave me houseless." This eating the bread of dependence, which was all the steward hoped to gain after his life of dishonesty, was, after all, a miserable prospect. He has not enriched himself. What he has had he has spent. So at death, when we have to render the account of our stewardship to God, we cannot take with us one grain of earthly riches.

5. "So he called every one of his lord's debtors."—His lord had evidently given him time to prepare the required account. "How much owest thou?"—He talks with the farmers one by one. The general understanding is that the sums owed to the lord were the rents to be paid in kind, the share of the growth of the fields.

6. "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty."—"The bill is the bond which the buyer has given and which is in the steward's keeping. He gives it back to the debtor

for him to alter the figures" (Vincent). It had to be "quickly" done, because the "lord" was presently expected back, and of course this transaction must be kept secret from him; and yet the innocent farmers may have supposed that the steward had persuaded the landowner to make allowances to them. The steward by thus tempting the debtors with an immediate gain, and making them sharers in his fraud, took the readiest and most direct means of securing at once their favor and their silence.

8. "The lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely."—Not the Lord Jesus, but the rich man. And his commendation simply means the admiration that one worldly tricky man might express for the trick of another. There is no commendation whatever by the Lord Jesus, and this is not the only instance where our Lord has made wrong actions the medium of conveying spiritual lessons. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."—This generation is made up of the people who are like-minded with themselves, and the meaning of this much-disputed text is that those whose hopes are limited to the things of things of earth are more prudent and far-seeing in their dealings with their fellows than God's servants are with regard to their fellows.

9. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."—"Mammon is a Chaldee word meaning riches. Property is here styled unrighteous or belonging to unrighteousness, because it is the characteristic and representative object and delight and desire of the selfish and unrighteous world; their love of it being the root of all evil. No condemnation of property as such is implied" (Vincent). Let the "mammon of unrighteousness," the worldly wealth, which is too often made an occasion of sin, procured with sin, kept with sin, and spent with sin, be employed in works of mercy. Whether acquired or inherited, it is too often ill gotten. But if it cannot be restored to a more rightful owner let it be given to the poor, and used to make friends of those from whom we can hope for no return but their prayers. "They may receive you."—The friends that have been made by the wise use of the mammon.

10. "That which is least."—"A general proposition, yet with reference to mammon as the least of things." This verse really serves to limit and explain the meaning of the foregoing parable. It shows that although the dishonest act of the steward is (as regarded from one point of view) set up as a model for us, yet it is fidelity and not unfaithfulness to our Master which is commended. Among God's servants he acts most prudently for his own interest who best serves his Master. "Deeds of charity and mercy are to be our spiritual shrewdness by which we may turn to

our account the unjust mammon, providing ourselves with friends out of it. We are to lighten their burdens by timely relief, the only way in which a son of light can change the hundred into fifty or fourscore" (Alford).

III. Living with heavenly forethought. Verse 13.

13. This verse is a statement of the general principle of life. It derives its force here from its singular application to the two classes of people whose antagonism had brought about the discussion—the Pharisees and the publicans. Representatives of each of these classes hovering about Jesus were making an effort to serve two masters, the reputable Pharisees, who in their heart adored worldly wealth, and the publicans, who had lost all their fair fame in the search for worldly wealth, but who were, nevertheless, seeking Jesus. "In this world we are in the condition of servants from whom two masters are claiming allegiance—one is God, man's rightful lord; the other is this unrighteous mammon, which was given to be our servant, to be wielded by us in God's interests, and itself to be considered by us as something slight, transient, and another's—but which has, in a sinful world, erected itself into a lord, and now demands obedience from us, which if we yield, we can be no longer faithful servants and stewards of God."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Are You Doing Your Best. (Matt. xxv: 14-30.)

Topic for November 4th.

This is one of the most illusive themes that ever come to the minds of men. Perhaps more frequently than any other, this phrase is used by people who speak of their own character or conduct: "I am doing the best I can"; or, "If I do the best I can, I think I will come out all right." Multitudes hide behind that statement, and allay any uneasiness that may arise as to their spiritual condition or the ultimate issues of their life. Whenever one finds himself making such an utterance for his refuge or consolation, it is of great importance that he test the case carefully, to be sure that he is doing the best possible.

* * *

The truth of the matter is that the more we know of ourselves and of God's Word, as applied to our own lives, the more we are convinced that we are *not* doing the best possible. To say, that we are is to affirm that we know all that we can do, and that we do not know of anything possible that we are not accomplishing. But every one of us who has himself well in hand is perfectly conscious that he knows more than he is able to perform. There is a moral weakness about us that permits

us to feel quite good over ourselves and to rest fairly well satisfied before we have carried our efforts to their utmost or have availed ourselves of all that God offers us in the way of divine aid. We have excellent authority for believing that the human heart, which must include the consciousness, to mean anything, is deceitful above all things; and we are the ones most easily and most dangerously deceived by our own hearts.

* * *

The French have a maxim that reads after this fashion: "The good is the enemy of the best." This is quite as true in the Christian struggle as anywhere in the world of effort. The habit of comparing our little successes with the poorer achievements of the past may serve as an encouragement; but the danger is that it will weaken our purpose to undertake the more difficult tasks of the future. By all means the better practice is always to keep our eye upon the higher possibilities before us. It is not to think how much better we are today than we were some months or years ago, but to perceive that the goal is still ahead, and that we are drawing nearer. Enthusiasm for effort and discipline are to be drawn by the ever-enlarging vision of what and how much God means to make of us. It is a good study to take the Word of God and search it for single ideas. For instance, read Mark or Romans, or any single book of the New Testament, scanning every paragraph to discover what is said of our future—what we can become in character, and power and service.

* * *

To do our best, we must have the purpose for ourselves in perfect harmony with God's purpose for us. The highest aim we can conceive for ourselves is a low one compared with the end God has in view for us. We do not see far enough into the future or sufficiently comprehend the forces at work for us and against us, to form our ideals properly. Hence, it is perfectly true that "it doth not appear what we shall be." So we must be led. This is one way in which we must become as little children. God cannot tell you or me what he intends to make of us if we will take his hand and keep step with him. As well might a father talk to his infant boy of college, and the acre-covering manufactory, of which his son is to be a part, as for God to explain to us all that is in his purpose regarding us. Hence, we can do our best only when it is our constant purpose to give God his own way with us in every part of our life. The conviction that God can and will do better for us in our life career than we can do for ourselves is the first step in the right direction.

Another strong conviction is necessary. That is, that God has given each of us certain material in our own talents, abilities or powers, which we are to understand and use. To match these materials he has afforded us numerous opportunities of exercise, such as our place among men offers. Here we are in the world with these individual materials at hand—few or many; and these opportunities—large or small, as the case may be; and we have only to use these faithfully. That is all that is asked of us. No matter how much more or less has been given to the man by our side. No matter how his career may appear. God never will compare our results with his for better or worse. You and I, very much as if we had the world all to ourselves, are simply to be true to what God has given to us, and that will be doing our best.

* * *

But the mischief is that we forget to apply this thought to all the questions and plans we have to decide, and we find ourselves going off in some path that God does not contemplate at all. Then disappointment comes and, like Peter sinking in the waves, we cry to him to save us from going altogether out of sight. Would that some of us could remember that our best plans for God and his service are not so safe or so pleasing to him as simply following his plans for us. Too often, alas! we try to lead God instead of gladly permitting him to lead us.

If the Lord Should Come.

If the Lord should come in the morning

As I went about my work,
The little things and the quiet things,

That a servant cannot shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,

And only the dear Lord cares
That they are always done in the light of the sun,
Would He take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noon today,

The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street;

If my dear Lord came at noon today,
And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet His look to meet?
Would He take me by surprise?

Why do I ask and question?

He is ever coming to me—
Morning, and noon and evening,

If I have but eyes to see,
And the daily load grows lighter,
The daily cross grows sweet,

For the Master is near, the Master is here,
I have only to sit at His feet.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Tongues leave more scars than words.

Let every man be what he would have others to be.

Some ministers have very liberal ideas when it comes to the length of the sermons they preach.

The Home.

Home Courtesy.

Arriving one afternoon at a small town, a speaker was met by the President of the local Women's Christian Temperance Union, a soft-voiced woman, with a young face under silvered hair.

As the two ladies were riding along the shady street, pupils from the public school began to throng the sidewalks. At a crossing, a bright-faced boy, about ten years old, stood waiting for the ladies to pass, and lifted his cap with a courteous gesture and sunny smile.

The hostess leaned from the carriage with a pleasant greeting, and the gray cap covered the brown curls again as they drove on.

"One of your Sunday-school class?" ventured the speaker.

"No," replied the hostess, "my only son, Harry."

As they approached the home, they nearly overtook a young girl of about fourteen, and a middle-aged man, walking briskly. The man was listening in a deferential way to the girl's merry chatter. At the gate they paused, the man lifted his hat in a parting salutation, as he held the gate for the girl to precede him; then bowing he passed on, as if hurried, not observing the approaching carriage.

"This is our home; that is my husband going to his office," said the hostess.

"And you have another guest—or is the young lady a caller?" asked the speaker.

"That is Margaret, our eldest child. She and her father are great chums," replied the hostess.

At the daintily appointed tea-table, the youngest child, a bashful girl of seven or eight years, had the misfortune to drop and break a fragile piece of china. Her face crimsoned with distress, and the violet eyes lifted to her mother's face were large with gathering tears. The speaker winced, dreading discordant notes, where all had been harmonious. "I hope they will only send her away in disgrace—poor little thing!" her thoughts ran. But even as she thought, with perfect courtesy the mother spoke the same conventional words of re-assurance which she would have used had the honored guest broken the cup. Seeing the quivering lip of her cherished child—her guest from God—she added, softly: "Mother knows you are sorry, dearest. Just let it pass, and overcome it"; while the father, with ready tact, engaged the speaker in conversation. The speaker was charmed.—The New Crusade.

We like to find fault with ourselves; but we are never attracted to another man who finds fault.—Faber.

Three Maids Who Helped Mother.

Mrs. Truman had three little "helpers," as she sometimes called them. Millicent and Matilda, or Millie and Tillie, were twins, twelve years old, while Sadie was a year and a half older.

They were all "good girls," their mother would tell you. Always obedient, seldom quarreling among themselves, and cheerful by nature, they were regarded by many mothers in the neighborhood as model children. They loved their mother dearly, and meant to be real "helpers" to her; but the results attained by each one were a great deal different.

Sadie could always be depended on to do the work she was requested to do well and thoroughly, always putting aside her book or crocheting the moment her mother spoke. Still, many times Mrs. Truman would glance at the brown head bent over book or needle, thinking, "She has already done so much, I do not like to ask too much of the child." Then she would do the little task herself.

Millie, also, would cheerfully rise and proceed at once to work when a call was made for her aid; but, as Sadie often remarked, "When Millie sets to work on a room, it usually looks for some little time as if a tornado had struck it." "She meant well," her mother said, yet she went at her tasks in such haphazard fashion that the results were not always entirely satisfactory.

If she was asked to dust the parlor, unless her mother thought to cast a glance over the room after Millie declared it "finished," she was usually mortified when she ushered a visitor into it, by some prominent piece of furniture left with the dust lying thickly upon it, or a carelessly arranged pile of sheet music on the piano. Millie worked hard while she did work, but caused herself many extra steps by her lack of thought.

Tillie was a "comfort," so her father said. She scarcely ever needed to be asked to do anything around the house. Quick to notice things that were out of place, she was as quick to set them in order once more. Towels carelessly thrown down were hung up properly, Neddie's toys put in the basket, and the faded flowers in the vase on the table replaced with fresh ones, all in her own quiet, unobtrusive way. She anticipated her mother's wants, and spared the tired feet many times in the course of a day. No need to say, "Please brush up the crumbs from Neddie's crackers!" For, if Tillie's hands were unoccupied with any other work, they were soon removed, without a word spoken by her mother. She took pains to see how "mother did things," and then tried to copy her, without troubling her for directions.

This summer they have all been invited to spend a fortnight at the beach with their

grandmother. Only one is to go at a time, for grandma could not think of taking away all Mamma Truman's "helpers" at once. Which little maiden's help will be missed the most, do you think?—Annie Lewis Pinfold.

Water and Milk Drinking.

Water-drinking in summer may be either a source of health or of illness. Huge draughts of ice-cold fluids check digestion often, if one is overheated, in a dangerous way. As reaction is sure to follow, a rise of temperature after a brief space is inevitable. Yet there is a way to drink water cooled by standing in the immediate neighborhood of ice, so that it will be most wholesome. A distinguished scientist declares that sipping a liquid is a powerful stimulation to the circulation, which ordinary drinking is not. He continues: "During the action of sipping, the action of the nerve which slows the beating of the heart is much lessened. As a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation is increased. In addition, the pressure under which the bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid."

It follows that the slow sipping of a glass of cold water not only serves as a stimulant to pulse action, but it enters into the general circulation without depressing the digestion, and allays thirst much more effectually than the gulping down double the quantity at one draught. Try it, fathers and mothers, and induce your children to drink slowly. When they come heated and weary from the street or from play, show them how to sip a tumbler of cool—not ice cold—water, as rational beings ought—not like animals. Otherwise the tone of the stomach, in time, will be permanently lowered.

Milk-drinking follows the same law. As a beverage we have previously pointed out the need of sterilizing milk for babies and children. The danger of contracting typhoid and consumption from using milk drawn from cows that are often in apparent health is emphasized by the statements made by the health boards of various States and cities. Milk is sterilized by bottling, corking with cotton and, after placing the bottles in a kettle having a false bottom, filling the vessel with cold water, and allowing it to come to a boil. At the end of a half-hour, the bottles may be removed and closely corked. Whatever unwholesome bacteria the milk might have contained are killed by the heat.

Even then, milk must be sipped. Taken at one draught it is coagulated by the gastric juice the moment it reaches the stomach. There it remains in one large lump, upon which that digestive fluid cannot act. There results disturbance or pain, and the person supposes the milk disagrees with him or her.

The fact is that the same amount of milk, slowly sipped, would present to the gastric juice small, separate masses of coagulum that are readily acted upon. Hence all depends upon the manner in which the fluids are imbibed. It must be borne in mind, however, that milk should never be taken at the same meal with meat or with acid fruits. Think of the mass of complicated stuff taken at one meal by the careless eater who declares that he "can digest anything," and wonder not when he breaks down in health and becomes an invalid. That we can eat anything that is not poisonous if taken in the right way, is true. Still, unhappy mixtures, too many kinds of food at one meal, and such things as pickles and milk or ice cream or edibles that are violently antagonistic, excesses, and combinations that require great difference of time needed to complete digestion, all these are unreasonable, exhausting, and intemperate. Temperance means something more than abstinence from alcohol. It is moderation in all foods and drinks.—Good Housekeeping.

The Purpose of Sorrow.

A minister went to call on a mother who had lost her only babe. He found her weeping and distressed, and mistaking natural and sacred tears for rebellion against God's will, presumed to chide her, saying that she ought rather rejoice that her child was in heaven, beyond all the sinful possibilities and temptations of life, safe from trouble, safe from sin, safe from disappointment, safe from all earth's weariness and wandering and unrest.

The mother answered: "Then why did God give her to me? Why didn't he keep her forever beyond these things? Why was it necessary that she should come into the world for a few months, only to be taken away, leaving that awful desolation and longing?" The clergyman was obliged to confess that he did not know.

A year passed, and that mother had fully learned the lesson of grief, and might have taught it to her pastor had he sought the knowledge of experience. She had found out why the babe came into the world. It was not that she might be speedily taken out of it again and placed beyond the reach of its possibilities of pain and evil. God would never have changed his mind in that vacillating way; he would never have found it necessary to make an experiment to find out which was the more desirable path, the better destiny for the child. God had a purpose in sending the babe into the world again, and by her year of grief the mother had found out what that purpose was. Not by theorizing, observe; not by assuming anything she did not feel and then suppressing her feelings in accordance with that assumption; but just letting grief have its di-

vinely natural way with her, sorrowing because God had sent her a sorrow, weeping because God had opened the fountain of her tears, going down through the darkness to the margin of Marah and stooping there to drink her bitter cup.

It was thus, and not otherwise, that she learned why her babe had come into the world and then gone back to God. It was to be God's messenger. That little life, that little, brief six months' life, was the life of a heavenly ambassador. It brought a communication of vast and eternal importance to at least two other lives. God sent that baby out of heaven to reveal heaven to its parents. Neither of them, up to that time, had arrived at anything more than a remote and fanciful and mythical conception of it. Heaven had been to them a mere phrase, with a meaning just about as vital and distinct as the phrase "India's coral strand." Theirs had been a very familiar and complacent state of mind as regards the things eternal and invisible. Now all was shanged. Heaven had become the most real, the most true, the most vital, the most important of all conceptions. How had this tremendously significant change been wrought in them? By their year of tears. By the very thing the clergyman told them to crush out and subdue and gloss over with an enforced gratitude and rapture.

Weep, then, mother heart! Sometimes tears are best. God made them; or, if not he, who did? God sends them as mercifully as dew or rain, and they shall keep the soul alive through its fevers of woe, and finally nourish within it new strength and courage.—The Presbyterian Review.

Our Boys and Girls.

For the Sake of Honor.

John Randall stood for a moment looking over the pasture bars, looking in the direction of the hills that rose between him and the Delaware.

It was in the troublous times of the War of Independence, and John and his mother and Sister Betty remained on the little New Jersey farm. The boys and girls who have studied history know that New Jersey was marched across more than any other State. John had seen the flying patriots hurrying along the highway more than once; and, too, he had seen the triumphant red-coats marching by.

It had not been an easy matter to make the family living during this time; and John, as the head of the family in his father's absence, felt the full responsibility of this. They gave freely from their stores for the patriots, and frequently what remained was taken by the red-coats without even so much as a "Thank you!"

John had kept one precious treasure through it all—his horse Beauty. If ever any horse deserved the name of Beauty, it was John's. Her black coat was carefully cared for, as if she belonged to a king. She loved her master, and followed him about as a petted dog would. You may wonder how she escaped being captured by the red-coats. Well, there was a little hollow down in the woodland, where John concealed her at the first alarm. The soldiers were always in a hurry, and took anything they saw; but so far they had never searched nor asked questions.

"Mother," said John one day, "if the soldiers ever ask if I have a horse, it would be all right to say no, would it not? I couldn't let Beauty go. She is used to being petted so; and the soldiers would be cruel to her, I'm afraid."

"My son," said Mrs. Randall, "I know that many good people call it right and lawful to tell a falsehood to those thieving soldiers. But, John, your father would scorn to tell a lie to save his life; and I think he would like to know that his son loved truth above all else. However, use your own judgment, my son. It would indeed be a sore trial to lose Beauty, and I pray the good God not to put you to the test."

John thought for a moment, and then said: "If they ask me I will tell the truth, because of my father and because it is right. But, nevertheless, I shall hide Beauty, so that they shall not find her unless they search long and well."

On this morning, as he stood looking toward the hills, he caught sight of a gleam of red passing through one of the defiles. He ran to the house as fast as he could.

"The red-coats, mother!" he shouted. Then he turned to the pasture bars adjoining the yard, and called: "Come, Beauty! Come, Beauty!" Beauty came out of a clump of bushes, and raced across the pasture. She came up to her master, with arched neck and dainty, prancing steps, expecting a frolic, no doubt.

"No time to play today, my Beauty," said John, scrambling on her back. "Now away with you to the hollow!"

Beauty had never known the touch of a whip, and she scampered away down the lane at John's command.

When the soldiers rode up, they went straight to the barn. There were no horses there. They had been taken away long before. One of the men came to the door where John was standing.

"Boy, is there a horse any place about?"

John's heart was as heavy as lead at this question. He heard Betty give a sob in the kitchen back of him, for Betty loved Beauty as John did.

"Yes, sir," said John, bravely, at last.

"Oh, there is, is there?" said the soldier, surveying him with an incredulous air. "Perhaps you will tell us where it is, or even get it for us."

"No, sir, I will not," said John.

Mrs. Randall held her breath for fear at the boldness of the answer, but the soldier turned away, laughing as if it were a huge joke.

"Major," he said, turning to the commanding officer, "will you send a couple of men to search the place, and bring that mythical horse out to the light of day?"

"Nonsense, lieutenant!" came the gruff answer. "We have no time to waste. There are no horses here, for they would not have had time to conceal them since we came in sight."

How John thanked his stars that he had seen that little gleam of red through the defile of the hills.

As for that boy's story," the commander went on, "nothing would please him better than to have us spend our time on a wild-geese chase until the Yankees come up. Do you suppose he would have told us if he really had a horse? Let us ride on."

He turned to the soldiers, and shouted, "Fall in!" and, in a few minutes, the men were out of sight.

John stood in the doorway, dazed with surprise, while Betty danced around him, fairly shrieking with joy.

"Oh, they didn't take Beauty! They didn't believe you, John, because you told the truth!"

Betty entreated John to go at once and bring her pet up, but John said no, for more soldiers might be following that first battalion. So Betty put on her bonnet, and took a piece of bread, and went to visit Beauty in her exile.

More soldiers did follow that day, and, after a time, the patriots rode by. Then the tumult ceased, and Beauty was brought back to her own pasture and her bed in the barn.

"Are you sorry for telling the truth?" said Mrs. Randall.

"No, indeed, mother!" cried John. "I suppose, even if Beauty had been taken, I would be comforted, because I did right, but she wasn't taken, and it seems too good to be true."

It was not very long after that that the horsemen rode through, crying, "Cornwallis is taken!" and so the soldiers ceased to march, and Beauty lived in safety and peace to the end of her days.—Christian Standard.

Cultured Birds.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

It is astonishing to what extent the imitative faculties of many birds may be trained by patient ingenuity. In these days of sci-

entific investigation, not only our feathered friends, but it really seems as if every creature, whether animal or insect, could be improved or developed by education.

The parrot is imitative to a degree which has never until quite recently been understood, and well substantiated accounts of their accomplishments can be given, while it has been proved that there are not only respectable voices among them, but even more difference in respect to quality and quantity than in human voices.

The golden parrot, a native of South America, is one of the best imitators of all parrot kind. Miss McCutcheon of Locarro, New Mexico, has a pet of this variety that sings to the accompaniment of a piano most perfectly. A party of friends were recently gathered at the residence of this young lady when for the amusement of the circle, the parrot was brought into prominence. The bird, as soon as it appeared in the room, commenced to whistle a popular tune. It whistled this tune over and over again, until one of the party suggested that the tune be changed, whereupon the parrot stopped quickly, and, casting a look of contempt at the young man who made the suggestion, cried, "Chestnuts!"

An acquaintance of ours saw another of these musical parrots recently which was indeed a marvel. It would talk anything and sang like a prima donna. On one of those radiant nights known only near the equator, this gentleman heard a clear, full and musical soprano voice singing the words of a Spanish song, and listened, fairly charmed, while several were sung. He was surprised that a lady of such fine vocal accomplishments could be so near him, but was yet more surprised to find, next day, that the golden parrot referred to was the vocalist, twenty rods away. This bird was kept by an old woman who made a business of training birds for sale, and whose chief aid the marvelous singer was. The American offered a large sum for it, but without avail.

Fifty of these birds, of gay plumage, have been successfully trained by a musical Italian, who had made the study of them a specialty. The first work attempted by this remarkable man was the musical scale—that is, the first after the birds had discovered that they were obliged to obey orders, and that no flying about, quarreling or other insubordination would be tolerated. It took almost as much time to bring these little creatures to a realizing sense of this fact as to instruct them in their several parts. Surely parrots are not very different from children, or grown folks either, in this respect. When we learn to obey, we are ready for almost anything, but until that time we do not succeed. It must have been a funny as well as an instructive sight to have seen these parrots on their respective perches singing the scale after their leader.

The first operatic work attempted was made up of airs from "Norma." It took from six to eight months of steady training to bring this to a success. The soprano soloist was a lovely little paroquet, as tame as a kitten, and as good an actress as she was singer, having a way of arching her neck and glancing behind her that was perfectly irresistible. The chorus singing, usually so difficult, was remarkable for accuracy of time as well as purity of tone. "Somnambula" was the next opera attempted, and is said to have been even more successful than "Norma."

"No sing, no eat," was one of the Italian's methods of instruction, and a little rattan accomplished the rest of the disciplinary process.

At the time of their performance in Lima, Peru, an Englishman who had made ornithology an absorbing study, inquired of the trainer how it was possible to produce such astonishing results. This was the answer:

"Hunger, thirst, my stick, a universe of patience, a great desire to learn what can be done in the way of developing such creatures, and last but not least—love—*much* love."

Remarkable as the result has been, other birds have been taught to do almost equally wonderful things, though not possessing, perhaps, as good a memory by nature as the parrot.

That the canary is susceptible of extraordinary culture nobody that observes its movements can doubt. Even when self-taught as a domesticated pet, this bird is exceedingly interesting. We knew a gentleman who once owned a canary that made a real salaam to the person who gave her food and drink and bade her a "good morning." She would sink gracefully on her perch with a sweet call, which seemed to have in it a responsive "good morning." Though a female bird, her song was prolonged and one of the sweetest, rising higher in proportion to the noise and clatter around her. But the most remarkable of her traits was a gymnastic exercise which she regularly practiced before settling down to her evening roost. No female acrobat could spring through hoop or screen more jubilantly or gracefully than did this fairy little creature through the ring suspended at the top of her cage. After several minutes' practice through this ring, she took her position upon it for the night. If disturbed, she had to go through the same exercise, as if undressing anew for this night perch. She never occupied it through the day.

A watchmaker in Milwaukee has trained a common canary bird to sing faultlessly "We won't go home till morning." As soon as the bird was born his education began, and by hearing this tune played to him three or four times a day for eight months he acquired it perfectly. Some canaries have a compass of four octaves, and will execute shakes and trills in the most admirable way. It is a great ob-

ject of training to have the song end with a succession of soft, descending, flute-like tones. But few persons in this country have ever heard the canary song in its perfection. It is like hearing Patti or Lucca—once heard never to be forgotten.

Henry Ward Beecher used to have three golden-throated canaries in his study. They hung in the sunny bay window, in gilt cages covered with rose-pink tarleton. Every morning the great preacher fed and talked to them, and they sang while he thought of his Sunday sermons. He said they helped him to think, and often gave him new ideas.

Well authenticated instances are recorded of canaries taught to enunciate with marvelous distinctness not only words but a complete sentence, and now it is found possible to teach the little love birds to talk, if separated from their species when just fledged. An American bird fancier has in his possession a very interesting specimen, which was bred in France and given to him when about three months old. This bird says from twenty to thirty phrases very distinctly, besides making the most amusing combinations of the words he has been taught. Amongst his sentences he can say, "I'm a talking Budgerigar," "Polly, put the kettle on," etc., etc. He is also perfectly tame, and has not the slightest sense of fear, eating from his owner's plate, drinking water as it is poured from a bottle, and trying to catch the point of the fancier's pen as he writes. Though the mocking bird has not those lovely domestic traits or the fine intelligence that belongs to the canary, he is apparently a great humorist, and stands high as a favorite. There is a mocker in Atlanta that whistles "Dixie," "Last Rose of Summer," and two or three other airs perfectly. He is estimated at a fabulous value by his proud owner.

Wonderful feats in the musical line are also attributed—and justly so—to the bullfinch. Wilber A. Shea, of Eastport, Maine, was recently presented by a Boston friend with a whistling bullfinch that whistles "Sweet Marie" and "After the Ball" in the most satisfactory manner.

A citizen of Duncansville, Pa., is the owner of a musical hen, which is said to be almost the equal of the mocking bird in imitating sounds. It imitates a tree-frog, the American cuckoo, or rain bird, and the domestic Guinea fowl.

Even Mahomet, we are told, had a dove which he used to feed with wheat from his ear; when hungry the dove lighted on his shoulder and thrust his bill in to find his breakfast. Like the cunning imposter that he was, Mahomet persuaded the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that came in this way, or, rather, form, and gave him advice.

Church News.

Northern California

Elk River.—October 14th the communion service was held and one person united with the church and eleven children were presented by their parents for baptism.

Oroville.—The attendance at the Sunday morning and evening services is steadily increasing and Rev. C. W. Merrill's sermons are much appreciated. He and Mrs. Merrill are very active in pastoral visiting and the good effects are very apparent. The C. E. Society is a live one. Lately the members have visited either the Infirmary or Odd Fellows' Home nearly every Sunday and held services there. There is an excellent church choir, a zealous Ladies' Aid Society and a strong working force in the Sunday-school department. Mr. Merrill occasionally preaches in the country Sunday afternoons.

Suisun.—Mr. J. A. Benton of Oakland preached in Suisun last Sunday. There has been no preaching in any church in Suisun for over two months. The very flourishing society of Christian Endeavor of the Congregational church organized by the former pastor, Mr. G. H. Merrill, has continued its meetings and on Sunday, October 14th Mr. Cuttle of Berkeley gave an address, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., upon the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the State University at Berkeley. That society also entertained the C. E. Convention of Solano county on last Friday and Saturday, providing free entertainment for sixty-five delegates and setting a common table three times.

San Francisco Park.—At a church meeting held October the 8th resolutions on the resignation of the pastor, Rev. F. I. Wheat, were adopted, from which quotation is made as follows: "It is only justice to him as well as to ourselves to express our deep sorrow that he feels called upon to leave us, and in this public manner at this time to assure him of our utmost confidence in him as a consistent Christian minister, and that we believe him to be living in the spirit of the Kingdom of Christ, and earnest in his efforts to make us better men and women by his precepts and example." It was further declared as the sense of the meeting that Mr. Wheat had laid the foundation for a humanizing and enlightened work in the church, that in the Sunday-school he had organized and classified the work so as to really interest and instruct the members of it. There was an expression of confidence and love, and Mr. and Mrs. Wheat were commended to the confidence of all good people.

Southern California.

Corona.—Miss Mary F. Denton, of Japan, made a second visit to Corona on Friday, Oc-

tober 19th. She spoke to the scholars of the public school in the forenoon, and in the afternoon met a company of thirty-five ladies at the church. Miss Denton leaves enthusiasm for Japan behind her wherever she goes.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—Rev. J. H. Mal-lows of Angola, N. Y., occupied the pulpit the 21st.

Ontario.—Rev. John Barstow of Medford, Mass., began his work with the Ontario church on the 21st. He is asked to supply for six months in place of pastor Hastings, who is released for a vacation.

Los Angeles First.—The skies are very bright above the First church of Los Angeles. On Sunday, the 21st, the church entered a new era when Rev. William Horace Day, who resigned at Aurora, Illinois, for this purpose, entered upon his duties as associate pastor with his father, Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D. At the annual business meeting of the church on the Wednesday evening previous, the trustees were able to report the church out of debt, every bill having been paid to date, with a few dollars in the treasury; the bills of last month being paid with the receipts of the month. During the current year 120 have been added to the membership. Current expenses, during the same period, \$7,762.78. Benevolence, \$2,854.55.

Pomona.—An exceedingly cordial and pleasant reception was held at the Congrega-tional church in honor of Dr. L. H. Frary, the pastor, and wife, who have just returned from a two months' absence in the East. There was a large attendance of members of the church and others, including the pastors of several of the other churches. During the absence of the pastor the pulpit of the church has been very acceptably supplied by Rev. Wm. M. Brooks and Rev. W. L. Jones. As a pleasant surprise to Dr. Frary upon his return the Men's Sunday Evening Club had secured the Pomona College Male Quartet, under Prof. F. A. Bissell, to lead the service of song on Sunday evenings for the coming sea-son.

Married.

WEST—JUDD—At Beulah, October 10, 1900, by Rev. E. Hoskins, Mr. Jacob A. West and Mrs. Millie H. Judd, both of Beulah.

DAY—COLEMAN—At Denver, Colo., Sept. 20, 1900, by the Rev. David N. Beach, D.D., the Rev. Ernest E. Day, pastor of Open Door church, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Florence M. Coleman, of Denver, formerly of Minneapolis.

Notes and Personals.

Prof. C. S. Nash preached at Palo Alto Sunday.

Rev. F. H. Wales is editing The Pacific Prohibitionist, published in Oakland.

Rev. T. C. Lewis, recently from Washing-ton, preached at Byron on Sunday.

The Central Avenue church of Los An-geles contemplates the erection of a new build-ing.

The Rev. Dr. McLean has returned from the annual meeting of the American Board at St. Louis.

Dr. C. G. Baldwin is assisting Dr. Chap-man in the Anti-Saloon campaign in South-ern California.

Superintendent Harrison returned Tuesday from his trip to Northern California and Southern Oregon.

Mrs. M. Willet of Decorah, Iowa, is visit-ing California friends. Mr. Willett is still the pastor at Decorah. He will be remembered by many of our readers as pastor at San Jose, Santa Cruz, Oakland Pilgrim and Westmin-ster in Spokane.

The ten years' review of the work of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, published in the Woman's Board columns last week, should have been credited to Mrs. H. E. Jewett, the retiring president. It was read at the recent annual meeting.

Prof. Lovejoy gave a lecture on Browning in Pilgrim church, Oakland, last week and a class for the study of this poet was organized. A report of the church trustees at the Wed-nesday evening meeting last week showed all the expenses of the church met up to that date.

A minister in Connecticut desires to ex-change with a California pastor for three months. His location is near Long Island Sound, near New Haven and easily accessi-ble to New York, Boston and other New Eng-land cities. For particulars write to Rev. John L. Maile, 1140 Ingraham street, Los Angeles, Cal.

A council was called recently at Fresno to advise as to the organization of an Arminian church in that city. It was composed of the Congregational churches of San Joaquin val-ley. The conclusion was that "the question is a grave one and deserves the careful consid-eration of a larger number of churches." It was accordingly suggested that another council be called which should include churches and in-dividuals in San Francisco and vicinity.

If there is any community in California in which the church is not working for the carrying of the amendment for exemption of church property from taxation, let there be none such any longer. If you wish the reasons for it in brief send \$1.25 to Mr. Parsons, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Pasadena, for a circular for distribution; or send thirty-five cents for a hundred. That circular will win votes.

We present this week a picture of the church building designed for Paso Robles. It will cost \$2,000, with furnishings. It is just such a building as is needed for the work there. Rev. F. W. Reid is laboring earnestly, and will welcome all sums, large or small, which the readers of *The Pacific* may send him. It has been decided that the Congregational organization in Paso Robles ought to continue, and it cannot do well without a building.

We report at some length elsewhere the meeting of the Congregational club of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday evening. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, F. F. Barbour; first vice-president, Prof. C. S. Nash; second vice-president, Rev. C. R. Brown; treasurer, W. M. Searby; auditor, Mr. Page; executive committee, F. F. Barbour, C. H. Ham and W. W. Madge; nominating committee, C. Z. Merritt, S. Foster and Rev. P. Coombe.

A Pescadero correspondent of the *Advocate* of Half Moon Bay of October the 10th writes: "The Rev. M. Jensen arrived here Saturday to take up his work with us. His initiatory sermons in the Congregational church Sunday forenoon and Sunday evening brought out a large and appreciative audience, who were not disappointed in the fulfillment of the claims made that Mr. Jensen was a very thoughtful and entertaining speaker."

The Rev. J. Rowell of the Mariners' church writes: "We are greatly in need of reading matter for our sailors. We need magazines for the reading room, and then for the ships, and papers, religious and instructive, to put on board out-bound vessels, and to supply workers in foreign ports. When I had a horse and buggy, I could call for these supplies; but now please save and send to the Mariners' church, at Drumm and Sacramento streets."

One of the most beautiful undertaking establishments on the Pacific coast is that of the Golden Gate Company on Mission street in this city. The writer called recently on Mr. G. W. Keeler, one of the members of the company and was shown through the parlors and the chapel, and then was given a look at the fine stock of caskets, furnishings, trimmings, etc. The chapel will seat about two hundred persons, it contains an organ and all things necessary in conducting a funeral service. In

the rear of the chapel, and in perfect retirement and quiet, there are nicely furnished rooms for the accommodation of relatives or friends who may be in waiting or in need of a night's rest.

Superintendent Singer has organized and reorganized during the last two weeks six Sunday-schools in the vicinity of Portersville. Last Sunday morning he organized one at Lamont, about twelve miles from Portersville. In the afternoon one was reorganized at South Tule, and in the evening one at Burton. Mr. Singer and family are now residing in San Francisco, at 3019 Jackson street. After the 9th of November they expect to be located near the panhandle of the park.

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity was prolonged last Monday until one o'clock. The interest was in the addresses of Rev. H. M. Tenney and Mr. Raymond C. Robbins concerning the work in Alaska. Mr. Robbins is a young man of fine character and ability, and we do not wonder that without exception the people of Nome regarded him as "a pretty good sky-pilot." It is not his intention to continue in the ministry, but after a trip abroad to enter upon some work along the line of Christian socialism. We shall have more to say concerning Mr. Robbins and his work and experiences in Alaska in our next issue.

Park church, Berkeley, combines the regular Sunday evening service and the Christian Endeavor meeting. The *Gazette* says: "Rev. E. B. Bradley, pastor of the church, in announcing the change, expressed the belief that there could be too much church going as well as too little, and that the home life on Sunday was as truly a part of religion as attendance at church, especially for men where duties kept them away from home during the week. He thought by combining the two evening services people would be given the advantage of an opportunity of attending divine service, and still not be robbed of the home life."

The outlook is encouraging for the Second Congregational church of Oakland in its new location on the corner of Tenth and Peralta streets. After the removal extensive repairs were made on the church building, and a parsonage was acquired. Rev. J. W. Phillips, who has done a good work for the church during the last three and a half years, is still the pastor. He begins in the new location greatly encouraged and with an energy and devotion which promise even better results than in the past. Although laid aside for a few weeks by a severe bicycle accident he hopes soon to be able to be at the work again with usual vigor. We rejoice with the church and pastor over their promising outlook.

Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

If the attendance and interest manifested at the first of the special monthly musical services in the First church of Portland, recently planned by Mr. Ackerman, is any prophecy of those yet to come, they may be pronounced a decided success. That given on September 30th was inspiring and helpful in many ways.

On October 7th it was the privilege of your correspondent to worship at the Riverside church, Hood River, Rev. J. L. Hershner, pastor. He entered on the seventh year of service in September. The growth during this time has been steady, although not specially rapid. At no time has Mr. Hershner stood higher in the community and in the affections of his people than at the present time. This includes Mrs. Hershner as well. She is one of Oregon's native daughters, her parents being pioneers in the Willamette Valley.

During the recent fruit fair at Hood River, lasting two days, the ladies of the church served dinner and supper and netted \$50 thereby as a result of their effort.

"What Constitutes Christian Success" was the subject of the prayer-meeting in The Dalles church last Thursday evening. One thought that Joshua 1:1-8 gave the proper definition; another, that a Christian could not be called successful until every faculty of his being was brought under control and caused to develop to its fullest capacity along the plane of right living; another, that the whole matter was summed up in a short sentence—two words—"Faith and Faithfulness"—that, when those words came to be the rule of one's life—the key-notes of one's existence—then there would be a certainty of Christian success; in other words, that the conditions of success in the Christian life were the same as in business life—faith in the pursuit one chose to follow and faithfulness in attention to it.

Mr. Poling's method in the prayer-meeting is certainly a good one, though not new. He selects a topic and assigns subdivisions to different persons, with references to look up, and then they are expected to make such comments as may be suggested by the Scripture texts. The thoughts brought out at the meeting in question were helpful and stimulating. There was no lagging. The time was fully occupied. The meeting was a successful one, at least such according to this writer's view, although the brethren were conspicuous by their absence, but three aside from the pastor being present. If the attendance of men at a prayer-meeting should be a condition precedent to its being successful, it is feared that but few would be found. Surely, something is the matter. Where does the trouble lie? With the meeting or the men? Perhaps in both directions to some extent, but mainly with the men,

as a rule, with scarcely a doubt. Something needs to be done; but what? Well, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, most certainly; but that will never be when men do not want it. If we hunger and thirst, we shall be satisfied.

For a week your correspondent has been having an opportunity of seeing something of Eastern Oregon. Last Saturday evening the fruit fair at Hood River was visited. Such a display of apples was never before seen by him. Two hundred and fifty boxes, comprising sixty varieties, filling a pavilion 60x120 feet were part of the exhibit. This was supplemented by peaches, pears, grapes, grains, grasses, vegetables, even sweet potatoes and peanuts, in bewildering quantities, and of such size that, if truthfully described, would cause the writer to be considered a relative of Munchausen by those who know him not. An elderly gentleman, a stranger here, and one who bore the stamp of veracity upon his countenance, a Congregationalist withal, said he had visited fruit fairs in New England, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, but had never beheld so fine a display before.

By going into the country a few miles, as the writer did at the invitation of a worthy Congregational brother, it was discovered that all the fine fruit was not on exhibition. In many directions trees were bending beneath the weight of apples fully as good as any that had been gathered.

Going on the The Dalles on the 9th instant, the street carnival and fair was found in full swing. Here, too, was a great display of fruit of all varieties of surpassing size and beauty—even in larger bulk than at Hood River, showing that no one locality has precedence over another in fruit-growing possibilities. But at The Dalles and vicinity, stock and grain-growing occupy so much of the attention of ranchers (farmers) that fruit-raising occupies a secondary place; yet to all who care to follow that branch of agriculture the opportunity is second to no other part of the State.

At the Ashland church on the 7th inst. four adults were received into fellowship.

Mrs. Jane K. Sather, of Ashland, who lives there in the summer months and in Oakland, Cal., in the winter time, recently donated \$100,000 to the University of California. This sum, however, will not be fully available for use by the University until after Mrs. Sather's death. The endowment is to be used for the establishment of a law library and a chair in classical literature.

Supt. Clapp of Oregon, Supt. Harrison of California and his son, and Rev. W. W. Scudder of California, accompanied by Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, California (doubtless to exercise the proper watchcare over them), left Ashland last Thursday for Klamath lake

on a fishing trip. While absent they will try to stock Crater lake with fish. It will be as good as a summer vacation to hear their experiences related upon their return.

The Dalles, October 13, 1900.

Committees of the General Association of California.

Provisional for next meeting (place to be announced later).—C. S. Nash, W. H. Atkinson, Wm. Rader, W. M. Searby, H. E. Jewett (ex-officio) and the pastor of the entertaining church (chairman).

Statistics, Memorials and Narrative.—H. F. Jewett, E. D. Hale, J. H. Goodell (narrator).

Christian Endeavor.—Miles B. Fisher, Geo. B. Littlefield, C. C. Cragin.

Sunday-school.—F. H. Maar, E. J. Singer, Miss Grace Barnard.

Roll.—Philip Coombe, H. E. Jewett, H. E. Banham.

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Keep at It.

Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. "That seems like nice work," said one to the other, observingly, as he watched a mechanic driving, with well-aimed force, nail after nail into place.

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the boy.

The workman paused, lifted his hammer midway, and smiled. "You would never do for a mechanic, then," he said; "it is only repeated effort that brings good results."

This is true along any line of work you may pursue. The art of accomplishing a task skill-

fully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, but, rather, to increase our desire to succeed. It is true that "no great thing was ever lightly won."

A boy who in early life sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man approvingly to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task. "John always does his level best at everything," was the reply.

That is really the secret of the whole matter: our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in the war, was being entertained in a home where a bright-eyed lad sat at his feet, eagerly listening to the conversation. "Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?" "Sir," was the answer, "I mean to be a great soldier like you." "Oh," he said, as he laid bare a hidden scar, "are you willing to pay the cost?"

Time after time are we to perform the duties assigned us. Our work may not be marked by human eye, and it may seem of minor importance even to us, but if into it is thrown the energy of the heart, of will, and of mind, some day it will count, and the one talent will have been multiplied as the great Giver intended.—The Intelligencer.

Weeping.

Sometimes he gives me threads of gold

To brighten up the day;

Then sombre tints, so bleak and cold,

That change the gold to gray,

And so my shuttle swiftly flies,

With threads both gold and gray,

And on I toil till daylight dies

And fades in night away.

Oh, when my day of toil is o'er,

And I shall cease to spin,

He'll open wide my Father's door

And bid me rest within.

When safe at home in heavenly light,

How clearly I shall see

That every thread—the dark, the bright—

Each one had need to be!

—Christian Advocate.

If I can put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.—George MacDonald.

Every stroke of sorrow that issues into light and joy is God putting into your hand the key of that sorrow to unlock it for all the poor souls whom you may see approaching it through all your future life. It is a noble thing to take that key and use it.—Phillips Brooks.



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The crawling of a spider before
now has taught perseverance and
led to a crown. The little moss,
brought close to a traveler's eye in
an African desert, who had lain
down to die, roused him to faith in
that Love which had so curiously
arranged the minute fibers of a
thing so small to be seen once, and
but once, by a human eye, and car-

ried him in the strength of that
heavenly repast, like Elijah of old,
a journey of forty days and forty
nights to the sources of the Nile.
—Frederick W. Robertson.

In the last place, service is the
test of all individual work, the test
of the physician, the journalist, the
teacher, the humorist who amuses
us, and the pulpit to lead us.

Talent is trust.

Sympathy is power.

A Christian is the world's I

Religion makes the Church
not the Church religion.

"No new gospel is needed,"
declared the preacher, not a
foggy," out of touch with the
but a man of education and
ment, thoroughly alive and
sympathy with the progress
spirit of the age, who had ju
gun his ministry to a large
church. Fortunate is the co
gation whose pastor keeps
with every movement of the c
and yet holds on to the relig
the New Testament. Religi
mains always the same.—[
tian Advocate.

There is a story told of a
that was wrecked, and was
down at sea. There was
enough life-boats to take a
board. When the vessel
down, some of the life-boats
near the vessel. A man
from the wreck just as it wa
ing down, to one of the boats
they had no room to take him
they refused. When they rel
he seized hold of the boat wit
right hand, but they took a s
and cut off his fingers. Wh
had lost the fingers of his
hand, the man was so earne
save his life that he seized the
with his left hand; they cut o
fingers of that hand too. The
man swam up and seized the
with his teeth, and they had
passion on him and relented.
could not cut off his head, so
took him in, and the man save
life. Why? Because he w
earnest. Why not seek your
salvation as that man soug
save his life?"

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the healing of burns and
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 taining scars, rub the new skin
 several times a day with good
 oil. Persist in this rubbing
 the skin is soft and flexible.
 o polish shell combs, rub them
 flannel on which has been put
 e fine powdered charcoal
 stened with a little water. Then
 a clean flannel rub the shell
 ously with whiting or precipi-
 tated chalk, to which a few drops
 vinegar has been added. After
 polish with the palm of the
 and dry powder.

White silk handkerchiefs will not
 low if they are washed in soap-
 s without rubbing soap on
 n, dried quickly and ironed
 a moderately hot iron, having
 old muslin cloth between the
 and the iron. A white dress
 old be put away with blue tis-
 paper between every fold and
 sewed up in an old sheet.

n excellent wash for plants is
 ecco water. Take a handful of
 ecco stems and steep them by
 ring boiling water over them
 l the water looks like strong
 When the water has become
 , wipe off the leaves or stems
 a sponge or soft cloth. Re-
 the strength of the infusion
 more water, and thoroughly
 the earth around the roots.
 s will keep the plants healthy
 remove all insects.

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Man's best life is dependent upon uninterrupted communication with its source—God. He who neglects regular prayer and Bible study is like a town whose telegraph and telephone wires are down, and whose railroads and other means of communication with the outer world are cut off. A disused Bible is a wire down. Neglected prayer is a blockade of the main highway. The hurry and rush of secular life that precludes daily intercourse with God are a Chinese wall of exclusion against God. The first and sure remedy for spiritual decline is to open up all the avenues of communication

with God, and see that they are used.—The Sunday-school Times.

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A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells a good story of Chief Jonas Wolf, a famous Indian chieftain of the Chickasaw tribe. Chief Jonas was regarded by President Lincoln as the ablest Indian he had ever seen. Fully realizing that whisky was a dangerous enemy to the peace and prosperity of his people, Chief Jonas was a bitter foe to the whisky peddler, and he was always severe in enforcing the laws made to keep all intoxicating liquors out of the territory. In many instances he did not wait for the law's slow delay, as offenders frequently discovered to their sorrow. Some years ago he encountered a well-known whisky-vender whom he had punished and ordered out of the territory several times. Chief Jonas searched the suspicious character's outfit, and found that the venturesome old reprobate was well supplied with numerous packages of shot-gun whisky. "Through the aid of this poison you have come here to rob my people," said the enraged old Governor. "You make Indian drunk and take his horses and wagon and his clothes. Now, I goin' to make this stuff do to you same as you do to Indian." Without further words he made the offender take off the last stitch of his clothing, and while the trembling wretch stood shivering, the chief emptied all of the whisky on the man's raiment and touched a match to it. "Whisky make Indian naked. This time he make peddler naked. Now, you go. Catch you one time more, you die. Sabe?" Rude as this proceeding was, it cannot be denied that it had real justice in it, though hardly of the poetic sort.

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